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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

VOLUME 24 *Spring, 1955* NUMBER 2

Communist China's Foreign Policy

I-KUA CHOU

WHEN MAO TSE-TUNG MADE his now-famous statement in 1949 that China "must lean to one side," namely, the Soviet side, and that "to sit on the fence is impossible, a third road does not exist," he did not enunciate a new policy for Communist China. He merely reiterated a well-established party line, which had been unconditionally accepted and faithfully practiced by every loyal Communist in China long before Mao became the undisputed leader of the Chinese Communist party. But that he chose to make the policy announcement at the time the Communists had just seized power in China is significant in two respects: First, he wished to remind the jubilant but uncertain party members, as well as the newly converted but wavering supporters, that neutrality was an "illusion" and, therefore, to be eschewed; and, second, he wished to warn the confused but hopeful Western powers that friendly gestures and material aid from the "capitalist camp" would not be welcomed with enthusiasm equal to that for aid from the Soviets.

No task in the postwar world has been more perplexing to the Western capitals than their attempt to analyze and understand the nature of Communist China and the orientation of its foreign policy. Both the United States and Great Britain refused to accept the statement of Mao as final. But while Britain has anxiously pursued

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a realistic course toward the new China, hoping that by accepting the *fait accompli* normal trade relations might be restored and international tension eased, the United States has been so bitterly beset by domestic political rivalries that for many years officials in high places could not even agree among themselves on exactly what had happened in China, much less on methods of dealing with the Peking regime. All diplomatic efforts aimed at bringing about a strong, democratic and friendly China have failed, made as they were with perfectly good intentions but inexcusably bad judgment.

An evaluation of the Chinese Communist concept of international relations requires an understanding of the broad background of the Chinese Communist movement, which first became observable at the end of World War I, as well as of the historical circumstances which have influenced the Chinese attitude, Communist or otherwise, toward the conduct of foreign affairs.[1] However, although the consideration of national security, the struggle for power and prestige, and the determination to abolish, once and for all, the residues of the old treaty settlements which governed Chinese foreign relations for over a century are all contributing factors in the foreign policy of Communist China, the basic motivating force of the Chinese Communists' thought and action in foreign affairs is the Marxist ideology.

The Marxist-Leninist Tradition

The Marxist approach to world affairs—indeed, to every phenomenon of mankind—is the key to the concept of foreign relations held by the Chinese Communists. In dealing with both domestic and foreign problems, every effort is made to adhere strictly to the orthodoxy of Marxism, Leninism, Stalinism and, now, Maoism. Aside from the fact that the inseparability of internal and external affairs is constantly stressed, much emphasis is given to the importance of the theoretical basis of policy-making. Here lies perhaps one of the most important differences between a Western democracy and a Communist dictatorship. While the former often

[1] Practically every Chinese government since 1911 has believed in the theory that if proper revisions of the treaties which tend to compromise Chinese sovereignty cannot be secured through mutual consent, then unilateral denunciation of such treaties is justified under the rule of *rebus sic stantibus.*

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pragmatically creates new premises for political theory in order to justify existing realities, the latter constantly seeks to use doctrinal writings as the basis for actual behavior. Thus the attitude of the Chinese Communists in dealing with specific problems, as well as in creating new ones, has been remarkably consistent with their doctrinal beliefs, and Mao Tse-tung could write in 1951 that "Theory is important from the viewpoint of Marxism because it can guide our action." Marxism-Leninism, he contended, is the only theory that contains truth "because it was not only scientifically formulated by Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, but also subsequently verified in the revolutionary practice of class struggle and national struggle."[2]

In order to explain the relationship between Marxism-Leninism and Chinese communism, Mao wrote elsewhere:

> It was through the introduction of the Russians that the Chinese found Marxism. . . . The October Revolution helped the progressive elements of the world and of China to use the world outlook of the proletariat as the instrument for perceiving the destiny of the country. Travel the road of the Russians![3]

It is clear that the Communist ideology advanced by Marx and Engels might never have taken hold in China had it not been for the success of the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917; and the Chinese Communists might never have become a militant force with any reasonable hope of triumph had Lenin not developed the theory of "socialism in one country" and had Stalin not put that theory into practice with enormous success in the Soviet Union. Chinese communism gained ascendency only as the socialist experiments in the U.S.S.R. became solid achievements. The Chinese Communists deify Marx and Engels for their unique and all-embracing theory; they revere Lenin and Stalin for their flexible interpretation and practical application of Marxism.

While Marx and Engels believed that advanced capitalism was prerequisite to a general proletarian revolution, Lenin and Stalin

[2] Mao Tse-tung, *On Practice,* Peking, 1951; also Mao Tse-tung, "Correcting Unorthodox Tendencies in Learning, the Party, and Literature and Art," *Cheng Feng Wen Hsien* [*Literature on Reform*], Hongkong, 1949, pp. 5-17. For excerpts in translation, see Brandt, Schwartz, Fairbank, *A Documentary History of Chinese Communism,* Harvard Press, 1952.

[3] Mao Tse-tung, "On the People's Democratic Dictatorship," *A Documentary History,* p. 451.

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proved that such a revolution could succeed in an essentially agricultural economy. The wisdom of Stalin in pursuing a "middle of the road" policy in the Soviet Union at the expense of the extreme leftists and the extreme rightists provided further proof to the Chinese Communists that the principles of Marxism-Leninism contained such a high degree of elasticity that they could be stretched to a proper length to suit the special conditions of any country. And to the confirmed Marxian practitioners in China now, Marxism is a religion that monopolizes truth and delivers the last judgment, with Leninism-Stalinism the needed link between utopia and reality, the outline for applying a panacea to solve all of China's problems.

The "Natural Tie" with the Soviet Union

The development of Chinese communism has, thus, always been intimately related to the "remote control" of Moscow. Before 1945, it was more a matter of the meeting of minds between the Russian Communists and the Chinese Communists than direct military aid or economic assistance from one group of Communists to another. Since the early 1920's, however, the Soviet methods of party discipline and mass organization have been gradually but steadily introduced to China. With Marxist teachings preached as the only "correct" interpretation of history and Lenin and Stalin's writings and utterances diligently studied as the guide to Chinese revolution, directives from the Communist International always were scrupulously carried out to make sure that China would play her role in the proletarian world revolution. The great purges in Russia in the late 1920's and the early 1930's were followed by similar intra-party struggles within the Chinese Communist party, resulting in the disappearance of the Chinese Trotskyites, Mensheviks, opportunists and "adventurists."[4] When the Kremlin adopted the policy of "united front" in 1935, calling on Communists all over the world to co-operate with liberal and bourgeois elements against the Axis Powers, the Chinese Communists modified their struggle

[4] The struggle for the orthodoxy of interpretation of Marxism-Leninism as applied to China resulted in the victory of Mao's theory basing Chinese communism on peasant revolution over Li Li-san's theory of relying on the city proletariat.

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with the Nationalists. Indeed, Stalin was credited with having saved Chiang Kai-shek's life during the Sian Revolt of 1936 because he considered Chiang the only person then available to lead China's defense against Japanese aggression; and during World War II Moscow continued to support Chiang in order to maintain the united front and to protect Soviet Asia, while Chinese Communists sang the theme of "coalition government." But when victory was in sight, Russia wasted no time in assisting the Chinese Communists in their seizure of power.

Flowing from the same source, the ideology of the Soviet Union and of Communist China is nurtured in the same spirit, developed in the same pattern, preached with the same religious fervor, and implemented with the same determination and ruthlessness. It would be a great mistake to assume that the Chinese Communists are the "stooges" of Moscow or that Communist China is a satellite to the Soviet Union. Even if they had acted independently, they would have arrived at the same conclusions on the major issues in world affairs. Actually, they consult, complement, assist, and even "correct" each other. But they never betray each other because theirs is a partnership, "a voluntary association of equals" in a common objective. While Moscow's chief task is to Sovietize Europe, Peking is to see to it that all of Asia eventually is brought under Communist rule. Together they form a formidable axis which threatens to change the political, social and economic appearance of the whole world.

The Global Character of Chinese Communism

That the Chinese revolution is a part of the world revolution has been one of the major themes of the party program since the founding of the Chinese Communist party.[5] In the earliest public statements of the party, such as the First Manifesto on the Current Situation and the Manifesto of the Second Congress of 1922, it was

[5] This party line has consistently appeared in the important resolutions of the Chinese Communist party since 1922, as well as in the writings of such party leaders as Mao Tse-tung and Liu Shao-chi. See *A Documentary History*, pp. 104, 119, 127-130, 141, 169, 171, 184-186, 193-195, 164-166; also *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, in Chinese, Peking, 1951, Vol. I, pp. 52, 53, 82, 149, 158; Vol. II, pp. 482, 503, 517-627; Vol. III, pp. 911, 1047; Liu Shao-chi, *Internationalism and Nationalism*, Peking, 1951.

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proclaimed that one of its "concrete aims" was "the removal of oppression by international imperialism and the complete independence of the Chinese nation." In the Manifesto of the Third Congress of the party of 1923, it was further declared, "Our mission is to liberate the oppressed Chinese nation by a national revolution, and to advance to the world revolution, liberating the oppressed peoples and oppressed classes of the whole world."[6]

The characteristics of the Chinese revolution have been, of course, "objectively" determined by Marxian dialectics and "correctly" interpreted by party theoreticians, according to the special historical conditions of China. The beginning of the Chinese revolution, stated Mao, "can be traced back to the Opium War [1839-1842] when the Chinese society began to change from a feudal society to a semi-colonial, semi-feudal society." The revolutionary movement for a time even took the character of a "bourgeois-democratic revolution" aimed mainly at achieving national independence and political reforms. But a fundamental change took place in the Chinese revolution following the Russian Revolution of 1917, Mao continued, making it "a part of the world proletarian socialist revolution."

The development of the Chinese revolution has been divided into two stages: "first, the change of our colonial, semi-colonial and semi-feudal society into an independent democratic society; second, the establishment of a socialist society." While the second stage must remain as a distant goal, the first stage encompasses a period from the beginning of the Communist movement to the present time, and, in all probability, to some time in the future. The tasks of this stage have been twofold: class struggle at home and anti-

[6] Paraphrasing Lenin, Mao Tse-tung has stated that "when capitalism of the era of free competition developed into imperialism, there was no change in the character of the two classes in fundamental opposition, the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, or in the capitalist nature of the society." Governments were obligated to adopt "a colonial policy of monopolistic possession of the territories of the world." Therefore, monopolistic capitalism and imperialism were identical, with colonialism a necessary by-product of capitalism. The oppressed peoples were the native population of the colonial and semi-colonial countries; the oppressed classes were the masses of the capitalistic countries. See Lenin, "Imperialism," *A Handbook of Marxism*, ed. by Emile Burns, New York, 1935, pp. 688-721; Mao Tse-tung, *On Contradiction*, New York, 1953; Liu Shao-chi, *op. cit.*; Shen Chi-yuan, *Essays on the Basic Problems of Political Economy*, in Chinese, Shanghai, 1953, pp. 113-172.

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imperialism (national struggle) abroad.[7] Special emphasis again has been given to the "inseparable" character of these two tasks for the simple reason that the internal class struggle had to be accompanied by the international proletarian movement in order to maintain the revolutionary nature of communism. Class struggle has been directed mainly against any group that happened to be in power or in a different political alignment. Under the broad term of "anti-feudalism," all opposition at any given time has been conveniently labeled the class that should be ousted, according to whatever Marxian twist was in vogue. Thus in the early 1920's "anti-feudalism" meant the attacks on the "warlord" government in Peking. Following the split between the Communists and the Nationalists in 1927, its target became the "landlord-warlord bourgeoisie" which supported Chiang Kai-shek. Now that the Communists are in power, "anti-feudalism" requires the extermination of "counter-revolutionaries" and the "running dogs of the imperialists."

Anti-imperialism is, however, a constant policy which undergoes very little change in substance, for it is chiefly directed against all the existing capitalistic countries in the world, although the intensity of struggle varies according to circumstances. Because this phase of the Communist program determines the final attitude of the Chinese Communists toward the outside world, it carries far-reaching consequences in international affairs. The foundation of this policy was laid by early party decisions, and it has been reinforced by the recent pronouncements of party leaders. The party Resolution of 1927 declared that the "feudal class and the imperialist powers depend upon each other" to exploit the Chinese masses.[8] The Resolutions of 1929 and 1930[9] went further to state that "international imperialism is the real ruler of China's total political and economic life":

> China is the largest colony of the world, which means she is the largest market, investment outlet, and supplier of raw materials for the imperial-

[7] Mao Tse-tung, "The Chinese Revolution and the Chinese Communist Party," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, Vol. II, pp. 591-625; also see the General Programme of the Constitution of the Chinese Communist Party, drafted by Liu Shao-chi, adopted in 1945, Liu Shao-chi, *On the Party*, Peking, 1950, pp. 157-161.

[8] *A Documentary History*, pp. 118-123.

[9] *Ibid.*, pp. 166-186.

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> ists of the world. China thus forms an integral part of the imperialists' economic system. The loss of China by the imperialist rulers would mean the inevitable end of the imperialists, especially that of . . . England, Japan, and America. Therefore, all the imperialists are bound to use every possible means for the cruel suppression of the Chinese revolution; and the Chinese revolution is bound to fight it out very cruelly with the imperialists. . . .

It was predicted that:

> China is the spot where the conflict among the major imperialists—England, Japan and the U.S.A.—is the most intense; it is one of the areas where the capitalist world and the socialist Soviet Union have direct contact; it is an area where the anti-imperialist colonial revolution has penetrated the deepest. . . . Thus China is the weakest link in the ruling chain of world imperialism, it is the place where the volcano of the world revolution is most likely to erupt.
>
> But due to the objective fact that the outbreak of the Chinese revolution may set off a world revolution, we shall be able, when the cruel war comes, to mobilize not only tens of hundreds of millions of the masses in our [own] country to engage in an intense struggle, but also to call on the world proletariat and on the toiling masses of the colonies to fight the last battle with the imperialists. In this final decisive battle [we] shall undoubtedly be able to achieve complete victory.

With these beliefs, the Chinese Communists decided a quarter of a century ago that their "international mission" called for the following actions: (1) to tighten liaison with the Communist parties of England, France, Japan and the United States for the intensification of propaganda for support of the Chinese revolution; (2) to coordinate with the Communist movement in Indo-China, the Dutch East Indies, Malaya and Outer Mongolia; and (3) to protect, with armed forces if necessary, the citadel of world communism, the Soviet Union. The line of action proposed by Mao Tse-tung in 1948 shows no deviations from these early decisions of the party, but goes further to call on all the Communists in Asia to transfer their passive "opposition to imperialist oppression" into active "liberation of the oppressed nations, colonies and semi-colonies from the yoke of imperialism." This policy was further substantiated by Liu Shao-chi, chief dialectician of the Chinese Communist party:

> The ultimate goal of the struggle of mankind for liberation will be socialism and communism. . . . In order to win its liberation, every oppressed nation has no alternative but to oppose American imperialism and its accomplices within its country, to oppose the reactionaries of all countries, to unite with the Soviet Union and the New Democracies of

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> Eastern Europe, to unite with the national liberation movements and the people's democratic forces of other countries, to unite with the proletariat and the Communist parties of all countries. . . . No nation can win real liberation any other way.[10]

To be sure, during the past thirty years, there have been disagreements, even conflicts, within the ranks of the Chinese Communists over the "correct interpretation" of class struggle (internal policy) in China,[11] resulting in personal vicissitudes in the party hierarchy, such as the fall of Li Li-san and the rise of Mao in 1931; but there is yet to be a single case in which the Chinese Communist leaders have been purged for their divergent opinions on what the scope of anti-imperialism (foreign policy) should be or who the imperialists are. The remarkable unity of purpose of this aspect of the Communist movement results largely from the rise of nationalism in China.

Proletarian Internationalism vs. Bourgeois Nationalism

Nationalism, a by-product of the modern nation-state system and an idea which is closely associated with the concept of popular sovereignty, is not indigenous to Chinese civilization. It spread to China at the turn of the century and was, at once, the driving force behind the national revolutionary movement. Today it has become a convenient weapon for the Communists to harness China's millions for their Soviet experiments on the one hand and to whip up enthusiasm for their continuous vituperation against the United States and other Western powers on the other. When nationalism is defined to include respect for and the nurturing of a nation's traditional institutions, it is, of course, deliberately ignored for having run counter to the interdictions of the Marxist-Leninist doctrines. But when it is defined as meaning preservation of the cultural identity of a nation, it has received a temporary reprieve, for it suits the purpose of the Communist program: the New Democracy, a transition to communism. Also, insofar as nationalism embraces the sentiments of superiority, hostility, distrust and hatred, the Commu-

[10] Liu Shao-chi, *Internationalism and Nationalism*, pp. 33, 41.

[11] While intra-party struggle within certain limits, such as self-criticism, is regarded as a healthy phenomenon, deviation from the broad anti-imperialist foreign policy is considered a betrayal of the revolutionary cause. See Liu Shao-chi, *On Inner-Party Struggle*, Peking, 1950.

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nists have lost no time in utilizing its effect to their best advantage. And if nationalism may ever properly be defined to mean the right of a nation to impose its own political beliefs and economic system upon other nations, it is now rendering an invaluable service to the Chinese Communists by bringing into their orbit the "colonial" areas of all Asia under the disguise of the "national liberation movement."

To the Communists in China, then, nationalism serves a useful function in the "anti-feudal and anti-imperialist" stage of their revolution. It creates unity; it provides strength; it helps to break with the past. The identity of a nation is used as a rallying point for international support and as a springboard for continuous revolution and indirect aggression through *coups d'état* and civil wars.

In order to capitalize on the maximum effect of the nation as a steppingstone to the Marxist utopia, the Communists have taken extreme care to differentiate between nationalism for the nation's sake and "nationalism" for the sake of world communism. According to Liu Shao-chi, the distinction between the "bourgeois-nationalist concept of the nation" and the "proletarian-internationalist concept of the nation" marks them as "irreconcilable and diametrically opposed to each other," standing for "two different classes and two antagonistic world outlooks." While the latter represents "the common interests of the masses of the people of every nation" in the struggle for emancipation from capitalist domination, the former, having "a bourgeois class basis," is acceptable only "in a certain historical period and to a certain degree," as when "a nation is struggling for the creation of a national state" and "against oppression by other nations." Examples are:

> the American bourgeoisie in the War for Independence and in the American civil war; the French bourgeoisie at the time of the French Revolution; the Italian bourgeoisie during the movement for the unification of Italy, [and now] the bourgeoisie in the colonial and semi-colonial countries. . . .[12]

But as soon as the bourgeoisie of any nation obtains power, it "subordinates the interests of the nation as a whole to its own class interests" and becomes "reactionary and imperialistic"—which Liu

[12] Liu Shao-chi, *Internationalism and Nationalism*, p. 5.

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asserts is the case with the nationalist movement in the United States and other Western countries today.

Carrying out this theory, Communists properly "form temporary understandings, even alliances" with the bourgeois elements in their struggle for national independence. But once independence is achieved, they must immediately try to overthrow the bourgeoisie that is in power. And when they succeed in seizing control of a nation, their activities must be promptly expanded beyond the national boundaries. "Aid and sympathy" must be extended to all neighboring states through continuous instigation, propaganda, underground activities and armed insurrections.

This incessant process of expansion depends upon divided loyalty. The loyalty of the Communist to his own country is contingent upon the role his country plays in the larger enterprise, world communism, to which he owes his ultimate loyalty. Thus Tito was denounced by the Chinese Communists for having "betrayed the cause of proletarian-internationalism" and "degenerated into a bourgeois nationalist," a "pawn of American imperialism." And the Socialist parties in Europe, including the British Labor Party, have been condemned as "proletarian renegades" for having regarded "internationalism as window-dressing" and helped "the imperialists of their own countries to suppress the national liberation movements of the colonies and semi-colonies."

The crime of "bourgeois nationalism" in Asia seems to lie precisely in the fact that it is too narrow in scope. From the Communist viewpoint, the realization of independence by a country automatically terminates the usefulness of a nationalism which aspires to no revolutionary changes. It is inaccurate to say that the Chinese Communists believe in "Asia for the Asians." What they believe is, "Asia for the Communists now, the whole world for the Communists later, but not too much later." This is one reason that it is wishful thinking to assume that Mao might become a Tito.

The Concept of Two Camps

Nothing is more clear-cut and uncompromising than the Chinese Communist concept of the division of the world, which leaves no ground for neutralism. Echoing Mao's statement on "leaning to

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one side" and emphasizing the militant character of Chinese communism, Liu Shao-chi again provides the most authoritative argument:

> The world today has been divided into two mutually antagonistic camps. On the one hand, the world imperialist camp, composed of the American imperialists and their accomplices—the reactionaries of all countries of the world; on the other hand, the world anti-imperialist camp, composed of the Soviet Union and the New Democracies of Eastern Europe, and the national liberation movements in China, Southeast Asia . . . plus the people's democratic forces of all countries of the world. American imperialism has become the bastion of all the reactionary forces of the world; while the Soviet Union has become the bastion of all progressive forces.[13]

There are additional reasons to those we have considered for believing that a breach between Peking and Moscow is not likely to occur in the immediate future: (1) By virtue of the thirty-year Treaty of Alliance of 1950, the economic agreements of 1952, and the mutual assistance agreement of 1954 between Moscow and Peking, China regained complete sovereignty over Manchuria, an area where conflicts of power between Russia and China are liable to arise. The Soviet Union pledged to return Port Arthur to China so that Peking might be in a better position to demand the withdrawal of the American fleet from Formosa. (2) The traditional Chinese attitude toward minorities coincides with the Marxist-Leninist principle of cultural autonomy. Peking, thus, recognized the independence of Outer Mongolia with equanimity, and the Soviets, who still apply the principle in Asia, if not always in Europe, in turn recognized both Sinkiang and Inner Mongolia as integral parts of China. (3) China and Russia share a common frontier of over three thousand miles. Any government of China, purely for security reasons, must be friendly toward Russia, and vice versa. (4) Continuous friction between the United States and Communist China tends to drive Peking closer to the Soviet orbit. (5) The Chinese Five-Year Plan has been closely geared to the amount of capital goods to be obtained from the Communist bloc, including East Germany, and from such neutral countries as Sweden. While trade with the West is still desirable, it is no longer

[13] *Ibid.*, pp. 32-33.

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indispensable.[14] (6) If Peking depends on Moscow for political and economic support because of the latter's seniority, experience and degree of industrialization, Moscow must count on Peking to attract Communist followers in all Asia, to act as a faithful partner in world politics and to increase the prestige of the Soviet Union. (7) The Communist victory in China tipped the balance of power in favor of the Soviet Union, at least in terms of population. No one appreciates this more than the men in the Kremlin, who have, so far, made every attempt to play up China's status as a great power, treating China as an equal rather than a subordinate; to return to Mao what they had taken from Chiang in Manchuria; and, above all, to respect Mao's leadership in Asian affairs. Moscow might make further concessions to Peking if the solidarity of their axis were at stake.

It is also significant to note that the Chinese Communists adhered to the concept of two camps, not as a result of the division of power between the United States and the Soviet Union following World War II, but in the middle twenties when Soviet fortunes were at a low ebb and Chinese communism was still in its embryonic stage. The consistence with which the Chinese Communists have expounded their beliefs would seem to indicate close cooperation between Moscow and Peking for a long time to come. Mao Tse-tung wrote twenty-eight years ago:

> the present world situation is one in which the two big forces, revolution and counter-revolution, are engaged in the final struggle. Two huge banners have been raised by these two huge forces: One is the red banner of revolution which the Third International holds aloft, rallying all the oppressed classes of the world, and the other is the white banner of counter-revolution which the League of Nations holds aloft, rallying all the counter-revolutionary elements of the world. The intermediate class will beyond doubt rapidly fall apart, some sections turning left and joining the ranks of the revolution and others turning right and joining the ranks of the counter-revolution; there is no room for any to remain "independent." Therefore the idea cherished by the Chinese middle class of an "independent" revolution in which it would play the leading role is a mere illusion.[15]

[14] For an analysis of the Chinese Five-Year Plan and other industrial developments, see Fan Ching-Ping, *The Essentials of the Chinese Communist Industrial Economy*, in Chinese, Hongkong, 1954.

[15] Mao Tse-tung, "Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, London, 1954, Vol. I, pp. 13-20.

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The "Just War" and International Assistance

The joint operation of the world Communist movement by the Moscow-Peking axis is supported by a unique theory which justifies all armed conflicts initiated by the Communists. Although the Charter of the United Nations (as well as the Covenant of the League of Nations) implies that only a war of self-defense or a war waged by the world organization to stop aggression can be a "just war," the Chinese Communist leaders absolutely refuse to abide by this principle. They need no international authority, aside from the Communist International, to sanction the validity of a war. True to the best tradition of Marxism-Leninism, Mao concluded in 1935 that "only the oppressed nations and the oppressed classes can wage just wars," because the wars they wage are either against "imperialist domination" or against "bourgeois exploitation," and that all other wars are "counter-revolutionary and unjust." It follows that there are only two types of "just wars." The first is the national war, or the "horizontal" war, between two or more countries in "colonial" and "semi-colonial" areas, i.e., the oppressed nations against the imperialist countries to achieve national independence. Justified by "self-determination" and "equality of all nations," this type of war embraces all of the uprisings and rebellions in Asia, the Middle East and Africa at the present or in the foreseeable future. The second type of "just war" recognized by Communists is the class war, or the "vertical" war, which includes *coups d'état* and civil wars staged by Communists as the self-appointed representatives of the "oppressed classes." Justification for such wars, which may be said to include the Communist movements in all non-Communist countries, is found in "the right of a people to choose its own form of political and economic systems."

There are two conditions under which "just wars" are to operate: (1) A national war must be followed by a class war, or both may take place at once, but never one without the other. (2) "All just wars must support one another," from which it follows that "In the era when imperialism exists, it is impossible for the true people's revolution of any country to win its own victory without assistance in various forms from the international revolutionary forces, and

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it is also impossible to consolidate the victory even when it is won." Thus, in October, 1951, Mao declared that the Chinese Communist intervention in Korea was "absolutely necessary and perfectly just" because China was aiding Korea in a national war against America and in a class war against South Korea. Peking's role in the Indo-China war, its warning to Burma and Indonesia on "further liberation," and its recent call on the people of Thailand to revolt are all logical deductions from this "just war" theory.

It is important to point out that the Chinese Communists accept foreign assistance only from "the international revolutionary forces," namely, the Soviet Union, "the People's Democracies" in Eastern Europe, and the Communist parties all over the world, including that of the United States, because they are "the most reliable friends of all oppressed nations."[16] Would they accept aid from the American or the British government? The answer given by Mao is "not at the moment." "At the present," he wrote in 1949,

> the rulers in Britain and the United States are still imperialists. Would they extend aid to a people's state? If we do business with these countries or suppose these countries would be willing in the future to lend us money on terms of mutual benefit, what would be the reason for it? It would be because the capitalists of these countries want to make money and the bankers want to earn interest to relieve their crisis; that would be no aid to the Chinese people. . . . Internationally we belong to the anti-imperialist front headed by the U.S.S.R., and we can look for genuine friendly aid only from that front, and not from the imperialist front.[17]

The Struggle for Universal Acceptance

The reluctance of the Chinese Communists to receive Western material aid has not, however, stopped them from seeking representation in various international organizations. The obstinacy with which the Soviet Union has supported their claim in the past few years indicates that, in the Communist pattern of thought, nothing short of complete acceptance by the Western powers of the Peking regime as the government of China will help to readjust the total relationship between the Communist bloc and the free

[16] Mao Tse-tung, "The Soviet Interests Are Identical with the Interests of Mankind," *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, in Chinese, Vol. II, pp. 559-567; cf. Liu Chao-chi, *Internationalism and Nationalism*, p. 19.

[17] Mao Tse-tung, "On the People's Democratic Dictatorship," *A Documentary History*, p. 455.

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world. In fact, Molotov has stated unequivocally that the solution to all of today's world problems is contingent upon Peking's entry into the United Nations.

There are two distinctly separate problems involved in regard to the status of Communist China in the family of nations: (1) whether Communist China should be admitted into the United Nations, and (2) whether the United States should recognize the Peking government. Although these two problems can be linked, they are by no means inherently interrelated. That is to say, a decision on one problem does not have to be followed by, nor does it automatically result in, a similar decision on the other.[18]

The first problem does not involve the membership of China in the United Nations, for China as a state remains unchanged and her status as a member of the world organization has never been challenged. The question is whether the People's Government of China, having achieved power through unconstitutional means, is qualified to replace the Nationalist delegation as the representative of China. While the present system of international law does not prohibit the seizure of power within a country by forcible means, the practice of the United Nations requires the fulfillment of certain conditions by a new government before its application for admission can be favorably entertained. Among these conditions are: (1) effective internal control, (2) the obedience of the people, (3) reasonable expectancy of permanence, and (4) the willingness and ability of a new government to carry out its international obligations. Yet at no time in the history of the United Nations has any government of a member state coming into power by revolutionary means been barred from entry for having failed to meet these legal tests.

[18] The former Secretary-General of the United Nations, Trygve Lie, in a memorandum distributed to members of the Security Council in March, 1950, asserted that "the United Nations does not possess any authority to recognize either a new state or a new government of an existing state. To establish the rule of collective recognition by the United Nations would require either an amendment of the Charter or a treaty to which all members would adhere." After citing the unbroken practice of the League of Nations and the United Nations, Lie concluded that: "(1) A member could properly vote to accept a representative of a government which it did not recognize, or with which it had no diplomatic relations, and (2) such a vote did not imply recognition or a readiness to assume diplomatic relations." An advisory opinion given by the International Court of Justice was invoked to support his conclusions. *UN Document*, S/1466.

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The Chinese question, at any rate, has been beclouded by so many political implications that the importance of fulfilling these legal standards has virtually become secondary. It is generally agreed that Communist China has satisfied the first three conditions, but that the fourth one provides the real test. The performance of Communist China in international affairs—including her maltreatment of foreign nationals, confiscation of foreign property, abuse of foreign diplomatic officials, outright renunciation of all the treaties signed between China and other countries without consultation, and intervention in Korea and Indo-China—hardly suggests that the Peking government is willing to carry out its obligations under the Charter of the United Nations.

However, the most persuasive arguments either for or against admitting Communist China into the United Nations are based on political and moral grounds. Those in favor of admission argue that the status of China as a great power cannot be denied, that the interests of world peace can be better served through a realistic approach to the whole problem, and that Peking's admission might very well lead to an era of "peaceful co-existence." On the other hand, those against the admission of Communist China firmly believe that the Nationalist resistance on Formosa should not be completely disregarded, especially in view of the fact that Chiang still commands the allegiance of the majority of some twelve million overseas Chinese, most of whom reside in Southeastern Asia; that Peking, being a condemned aggressor in Korea and still technically at war with the United Nations, should not be allowed "to shoot its way" into that organization; and that the prestige of the United Nations must not be sacrificed for political expediency. They further maintain that the ultimate admission of Communist China must await proof by deeds that Peking is a peace-loving regime and that any consideration of its admission at the present is nothing less than outright appeasement.

Whatever the disagreements among the Western powers over this issue for legal, moral and political reasons, Communist China will insist on her right to representation in the United Nations. Obtaining representation constitutes one of the most important objectives of her foreign policy, for, from Peking's standpoint, the

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struggle is for universal acceptance of the legitimacy of its regime. What's more, Peking is as interested in getting the Nationalists out of the United Nations as it is in getting its own representatives into it. Once Peking should be admitted, the Nationalist government on Formosa would immediately lose its international standing as the sovereign of China, with the American position on Formosa untenable under international law. Unless Formosa should then be neutralized or declared independent (which is vehemently opposed by Chiang as well as by Mao), the way would be cleared for the Red Army to conquer the island by force. The liquidation of the Nationalists and the conquest of Formosa would mark the successful end of the first stage of the Communist revolution, a goal every Communist in China is eager to achieve.

Recognition of Communist China by the United States is, however, an entirely different matter. It involves two questions: (1) whether the United States should recognize Communist China, and (2) whether Communist China would accept American recognition if and when it is granted. It is utterly futile to discuss the first question if the answer to the second is in the negative. Recognition, after all, is a manifestation of the mutual desire of two states or two governments to enter into friendly relations. The continuous hostility, denunciation and vilification of the United States by Communist China provide no indication that Peking is willing to establish friendly relations with the United States. To Communist China, only friendship from the "international united front" is welcomed. The mere thought of treating members of the "capitalist camp" as friends would be considered "counter-revolutionary." What is the valid explanation for Peking's refusal to accept British recognition?[19] It is unprecedented in modern history that the recognition of an existing state is ignored by a new government for more than five years.[20] Is there any reason to believe that Peking would give

[19] Chou En-lai indicated to Anthony Eden at the Geneva Conference of 1954 that the reasons that Peking had not reciprocated British recognition were the failure of Britain to support its claim to representation in the United Nations and British participation in the Korean war. While the validity of conditional recognition is a matter of debate, it would be entirely novel to modern usage if the conditions for recognition were set forth by a new government rather than by the government of an existing state.

[20] Although Peking sent a chargé d'affaires to London following the Geneva Conference

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more courteous consideration to American recognition than it has to British recognition?

On the contrary, there are good reasons to conclude that Communist China does not wish to accept American recognition "at the present time": (1) The United States is considered "the enemy" of China because the Peking government, in addition to doctrinal restrictions, sincerely believes that the American policy in Asia threatens its very existence.[21] (2) Peking expects to fight at least one more undeclared war with the United States when it is ready to invade Formosa, unless the United States is prepared to withdraw its fleet from the Formosa Strait. There is little likelihood that Peking would contemplate friendly relations with the United States before the Formosan question is settled to its satisfaction. (3) To the Chinese Communist way of thinking, the establishment of diplomatic relations with the United States is tantamount to "appeasing American imperialism" and would blunt the edges of the Communist drive throughout Asia. (4) Communist China may, in time, wish to enter into diplomatic relations with all other Western powers but the United States in order to "isolate" America. (5) The anti-American campaign provides the best justification for maintaining an oversized army and the incentive for large-scale purges at home. (6) If trade relations could be established "spontaneously" between the American "people" and Communist China without official intercourse with the "ruling circles" of the United States, it would be consistent with the revolutionary objectives of the Communist International.

* * *

In conclusion, it should be pointed out that the intransigence of the Chinese Communists in world affairs is partly the result of their rapid and continuous successes in both domestic and foreign spheres in the past few years, and partly the result of their unwavering and fanatic devotion to the Marxist ideology for over three decades.

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and London has had a chargé d'affaires in Peking since 1950, formal diplomatic relations between London and Peking have not been established.

[21] Examples of what they fear are the American policy toward Formosa, the alliance with Japan, American support to South Korea and to France in Indo-China, and the recent move for a SEATO.

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Aside from the fact that they have succeeded in establishing the strongest government in China in six hundred years, their successful intervention in Korea and Indo-China raised their prestige and increased their confidence. In conducting foreign affairs, the elite of the Peking regime are even more flamboyant and uncompromising than the elite in Moscow. While the Soviet leaders, having stood alone in a hostile world for decades and faced the constant danger of external attack and internal disintegration, were compelled by harsh reality to acquire the art of diplomacy, to mellow the tenor of propaganda and to live, however unwillingly, with the West, the Chinese Communists, still intoxicated from the orgies of victory after having gained power with the assistance of a powerful ally, do not now feel obligated to accommodate the Western powers. Their complete domination of China's mainland, their pride in being a great power, and their desire to take revenge on the Western powers for what China had suffered under Western colonial influence in the past one hundred years, add much to their arrogance and irreconcilability.

Although the Chinese Communist leaders are realists in dealing with domestic problems, they are idealists in formulating foreign policies. Indeed, they often tread so narrow a path that their every move seems to be handicapped by Marxian doctrinal baggage. They could have seized power in 1949, gaining American friendship as well at that time, and thus the large-scale trade with the United States which undoubtedly would have benefited China in her program of industrialization. They could have responded to British recognition with a minimum amount of courtesy, which might very well have led to their admission into the United Nations before their intervention in Korea. They also could have dissociated themselves from the Korean war and saved their strength for internal development. But the dictates of doctrine, including deliberate efforts to create facts to suit the theory, prevented them from adopting a realistic foreign policy. They hate America not only for what she has done, but for the role she is assigned in their canon of political thought.

Altogether, the pattern of Chinese Communist behavior indicates that there will be no peace in Asia in the foreseeable future.

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From the Communist viewpoint, chaos, strife and armed conflicts are "normal" conditions under which "national liberation movements" must thrive. Every stalemate is gain. Tension must be maintained at any cost. The suggestion of a permanent settlement of any issue would be considered an attempt to freeze the status quo, and, consequently, a betrayal of the revolutionary cause. The belligerent attitude of the Chinese Communists toward the Western powers is further enhanced by the fact that they have no fear of atomic war—not because they possess any means to meet such a contingency, but because Communist expansion can be achieved without their initiating a frontal war and they feel certain that the West will not start one. Their expansion can be accomplished by infiltration, gradual absorption and civil wars; and neither the present system of international law nor any regional arrangement designed by the West without the participation of important Asian countries, such as the Manila Treaty of 1954, is adequate to provide a defense. Even if the Western powers should, through the policy of strength, succeed in the future in imposing upon the Communist countries what is lately known as "competitive co-existence" by making it too costly for them to contemplate either direct or indirect aggression, the West would need always to take into account their continued belief in "the inevitability of the collapse of the capitalistic countries due to their internal contradictions."

It is true that the Chinese Communists have, whenever desirable, varied their tactics in dealing with the West. It is also true that the Kremlin deemed it wise to reconsider its attitude toward the West after having realized the utter futility of an all-out atomic war. The emphasis of Moscow may fluctuate between consumer goods and heavy industries, and the strategy of Peking may continue to follow the familiar pattern: "Fight while negotiating and negotiate while fighting." But there is not the slightest possibility of either the Russian or the Chinese Communists' departing from Stalin's famous motto: "To reach temporary agreements with the capitalistic countries may be necessary, but to contemplate permanent co-existence with them is unthinkable."

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Psychoanalysis and Morality

NORMAN KELMAN

ALL STATEMENTS REGARDING MORALITY rest on assumptions, explicit or implicit, concerning human nature. In the different schools of psychoanalysis, and among individual analysts, one finds the same variety of assumptions that one may find among other students of the problem. If one starts with the notion that man can be wholly understood mechanistically, then morality, if it is considered at all, becomes a question of social engineering. Or, paradoxically, a leap is made to include some higher realm of absolute values which somehow or other influence man the machine.

There are some who base their concepts on the thesis that man is essentially evil and, were it not for an imposed set of curbs or sanctions, derived from an armed truce, would be unable to live communally. This point of view emphasizes the instinctual animality of man and tends to consider his artistic, creative, spiritual aspects as "merely" sublimations of his baser drives.

Another approach assumes that human nature contains both good and evil, and the moral task for man, if he is to achieve harmony, is to arrange conditions and codes to assure the supremacy of the good.

And then there are those, biologically and humanistically rooted, who start with man as a growing, existential being. For these analysts, man is born, like Adam, without knowledge of either good or evil. But in the process of growth, of living in relationship with others and with that which transcends him, he creates his own moral values. When he is free and rooted in his own being, he is able to discover, even to create alternatives, and to choose, with

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experience, between them. It will be evident that this last point of view, generally stemming from the psychoanalytic work of Karen Horney, is the approach of this article.

It would be a convenient simplicity if at the onset we could state a definition of morality and then elaborate it in detail. Perhaps from this beginning one could speak of the source of the good, the meaning of evil, the ways by which the good can be achieved. This would make for a neat package, easy to codify into slogans and sanctions. But to do so would be to leave out the creator and the object of morality, and hence the essential flavor. Therefore, while failing to provide a precise definition, we may better obtain a feeling of the meaning and purpose of morality by noting the conditions under which questions of a moral nature arise.

Morality becomes a matter of increasing interest and study when people experience their lives to be in some measure unsatisfactory, vulnerable, without meaning. We may question and doubt, or proclaim and defend, our values when we are threatened. And our questions may go to the roots of our being, to the very meaning of life itself. New knowledge and new experiences in themselves are not responsible for the questioning of our moral values, although they provide some of the data for the questions. Perhaps, at first, distress over the new and strange may cause us to re-examine our data; we may then discover our first estimate of them to be incorrect, or we may come to recognize them as familiar, after all, under a new guise. However, it may require a threat to our values before we are able to mobilize ourselves and review more carefully the disturbing evidence. But in the face of stubborn facts and continuing disturbance, we must sooner or later question our point of view, our goals and our values.

We may ask, what do we mean by totalitarianism or democracy? What do we really mean by equality and love, by friendship and brotherhood? What do we mean by good or evil or God? We ask about the subject matter of values—is this or that good? And then we ask, what is goodness itself? These become an individual's concern when he experiences the impoverishment of his own life. They are of especial import to the community when people question institutional forms, governments, codified rules or the less tangible

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customs and manners. As in the case of an individual's values, the questioning or doubting of an institutional form does not necessarily mean that it is wrong or inadequate. Viable people and viable communities are open to new knowledge and experiences, however strange. And in the process of digesting the new, we may be stirred beyond our taste buds to our guts.

Affirmatively, then, morality is a creation of man and an attribute of his nature. It arises from his relationship to himself and to others, persons as well as things—to his community, his history and his universe—in his growing, in his being and becoming himself. The stuff out of which morality is created is the joint and accumulated wisdom of our artists and scientists, our statesmen and our sages, our mystics and our philosophers, you and me. It is recorded on our farms and in our schools, on the walls of our galleries, in our laws and customs. It is distilled and set down in the Bible and in the legends which are part of the heritage of every community. It is a living, growing thing which aids man in the conduct of daily intercourse, offering guidance, purpose and meaning to life.

No matter what the particular standards of morality, the forms by which they are expressed or the conditions under which they are to be achieved, their purpose is the fulfillment of man's potentials now or in the hereafter. This is so when the values to be discovered or created are absolute, whether they are to be achieved under the authoritarian aegis of the church or the state, or by direct communion with deity. Our becoming more perfectly what we can be is also the goal when our values are relational and to be achieved by human experience and intercourse.

Psychoanalysis is concerned with people who feel themselves unfulfilled, or more accurately, who feel they are being emptied. This feeling becomes evident even though the introductory problem that the patient brings to therapy be marital discord, difficulty in work, an ungovernable temper, anxiety or the many physical symptoms of psychological import. And in the course of psychoanalytic therapy, there is always a reorientation of values. The patient comes to realize that the inner code of values under which he has been living is impossible of achievement because it is composed of conflicting parts and authoritarianly demanding of abso-

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lute perfection. He comes to know that he is draining himself of life; that he can do otherwise only if he ceases to demand of himself goals beyond human capacities. Psychoanalysis then affords an opportunity to study in intimate detail the creation of moral values in their ultimate habitation, the living, growing human being.

This is not to imply that patients undergoing psychoanalysis are immoral or amoral by the usual surface application of generally accepted moral codes. Some of course are. But the vast majority represent a good cross section of the population in the values they strive for and, in many instances, force themselves to achieve. An analogy may be the best way to illustrate this point. A man's garb may be eminently correct. In variety and style, in color and texture, in function and taste, it may be impeccable. Yet he seems stiff or awkward or in some other intangible way not quite "put together." He and his clothes seem to fit, yet, like a country boy in the big city for the first time, he is subtly or grossly a stranger. By contrast there is the person who fits—his clothes, his terrain, his own skin. He walks with grace, his arms and legs go with the rest of himself. He is, in a word, authentic. In terms of morality, about the first man one must write that he is "honest," "friendly," "loving." In describing the second person, one leaves off the quotation marks. His values are intimately a part of himself and they fit because they have a belongingness and a flexibility that comes, as with the comfort of an old shoe, from experience and wear.

If moral values are to serve for the enrichment of life and not merely as the watchdogs or guardians of behavioral harmony, they must really belong to a man. They must be owned, not borrowed or forcibly applied by fear. In the process of analytic therapy, the reorientation of values involves more than a change in content of morality. The return of vitality to the person results in a humanizing of his values. Honesty is no longer a mere slogan, and friendship and love cease to be masks. He is friendly and he does love, and he can honestly discriminate. He can say "yes" and he can say "no."

The distortion of values or the ill-fitting quality of so many "moral" people is related to a feature characteristic of all patients. Regardless of symptoms or other personality differences, the neu-

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rotic person is in some degree alienated from himself and others. This is essentially the very situation referred to by Kierkegaard and other Existentialist philosophers as man's estrangement from himself and the ground of his being. It is the condition extensively explored by Ortega y Gasset in the *Revolt of the Masses.* It is the crux of the struggle against the evils of modern technical civilization and the totalitarian state. It accounts for the paradox that the Mass Man, the conformist, is the man most isolated from his fellows, despite his common uniform and clichés. The recollection of the Storm Troopers, a visit to Roseland and the glassy-eyed jivers, or to many mass cocktail parties will convince one of this.

A dream of one patient will illustrate some of the dynamic conditions of this alienation. He dreamed that he was cast up on an island, which, on awakening, he felt to be Majorca. Making his way toward the south end of the island, he found a community of people that seemed to have all the essentials of life. It was clean, and the people seemed to be active in some work, intellectual and physical. There was an adequate state of nutrition and no obvious disease. However, while there was no hostility among them, there was also no friendliness. The whole atmosphere was flat, gray, flavorless. He, a newcomer, was not noted with friendliness or hostility; he was neither feared nor welcomed. Then he became aware, with no particular indication how, that in the north of that island was an area and community of thriving, luxuriant growth. He knew that there was a place of joy and creativeness, of excitement and variety. Without clear evidence, but with a feeling of inner knowing, he became aware of an impenetrable barrier between the two parts of the island. He had no idea what the barrier consisted of, whether it was man-made or a natural feature of the terrain, whether it was guarded and desired by the north community or not. As he related the dream, he described his feelings as being neutral, neither eager for the richness of the one community nor despondent at finding the flavorless group; not grateful for his survival of the sea or frightened by the fate that almost overtook him. Yet his voice, as he spoke, indicated a yearning for the good life he knew existed, and at the same time betrayed a feeling of hopelessness that he could ever achieve it.

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Some of the features of this dream and the manner of its being related will indicate a particular patient's difficulty and illustrate some generalizations for us all.

First, what stands out is the fact that so much of the dream was described in negative or neutral terms: no hostility, no friendliness, not feared, not welcomed, not grateful, not anxious, no eagerness. The South was flavorless, flat, i.e., without depth and richness. Here are reflected the relative barrenness and impoverishment of a personality, and, it will be noted, all in a smoothly functioning community. How like the desired and, unfortunately, too often achieved streamlinedness of family relations, where the nursery looks more like an aseptic operating room than a place for play. Three other significant factors are: he is an isolated being, noted and noting, an observer, almost a camera, but practically unrelated to others; he does nothing to establish communication; and, most important, he accepts the impenetrableness of the barrier without exploring, experimenting, endeavoring or reflecting. This detachment and paralysis are part of his feeling of hopelessness—a hopelessness of achievement. Whether or not the barrier in the dream in fact exists as impenetrable, the noninvolvement of this man makes it an operational fact. In a more humorous way, but just as true, was the condition of another patient, a young boy of thirteen, who said: "I'll cross that bridge when it comes to me."

John Dewey has emphasized the importance of reflection and experimentation in dealing with morality. This, as I understand it, includes the taking into one's self of one's feelings, thoughts and hopes. It includes being active, not only to achieve, but to change one's focus and point of view—to vision, touch and smell, to add pain and suffering. This patient only peripherally betrayed, by the quality of his voice, his yearning for the good life and his feeling of hopelessness, and so could not yet effectively question his values. Actually, he was still very much involved in attempting to see the source of his dissatisfaction as lying outside himself. He blamed his wife, the economic system, the hostility of others for his difficulties. He was striving to add to his bank account and the externals of his life to overcome his underlying insecurity. Instead of presenting himself to himself and others, he held out his academic

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degrees, his job, his car and his status. Externally successful, he was alienated from the vital, responsible person he could be. Being aware neither of his yearning nor of his hopelessness, it is no wonder that, in the dream, he could not be active, challenge the barrier.

There are some further indications in the dream, brought out in the analytic work, which bear on the dynamics of the patient's condition and on the problem of morality. Ordinarily, this person associated the North with barrenness and the South with fertility. In the dream the reversal of this order was an indication of some inner distortion. The moral life, the good life, has characteristics which differ from those of the South, in the idiom of the dream. The Southern community was smoothly functioning, without conflict and hostility, while in the North it was likely that some friction obtained and sparks sometimes flew. But the essential difference could best be described in terms of flavor, depth, richness, joy, growing, creating. Somewhere, only dimly perceived, this man knew that life could be more fulfilling, that for some at least it could have meaning beyond mere functioning and sterile serenity.

As he mulled the dream over, he began to wonder if the land to the north might be Eden, a land of eternal plenty and harmony. Here was a further clue to this man's moral difficulty. He was considering the good life in absolute terms. The metaphors of the Bible and this person's dream suggest a problem. Adam, responding to his own flesh, disobeyed an absolute mandate of an absolute God and was banished. Cain, exploring his own resources, dared to try his creativeness by plowing the fields instead of dutifully tending the Lord's flocks like Abel, and had his offering rejected. So this man, alienated from himself yet dimly aware of human possibilities, feels himself rejected, an outsider, guilt-ridden, doomed to exist only in barrenness. He too was failing to meet standards set in absolute terms, standards set by himself.

At this moment we are not seeking historical, genetic causes for the patient's present condition, but rather are interested in the factors that perpetuate his impoverishment. His inner moral code, by which he attempts to live, is rigidly authoritarian. He *should* love his wife and his child—is it not the role of a husband and

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a father to love? He *should* love his neighbors—are we not all brothers? He *should* be at least civil and accommodating at all times. He *should* also be firm and strong—is this not the role of a man? But what is he to do when his wife would like his attention, his child wants to be taken on his lap, and a neighbor knocks to ask a favor?

It is one of the facts of our being that we are temporal and spatial. We cannot be in two places at the same time. But we would have to be, were we to live up to the rigid, absolute code we so often adopt. Feeling obliged to satisfy everyone, this man variously rushed from one person to another in the effort to live up to his code. He had to streamline himself to keep to a minimum any friction and consequent loss of time. But efficiency to the degree demanded by his standards could never work. He had to blind himself to others' wants, deny within himself his impulse to be helpful, and gradually narrow and numb himself. Yet mutual helpfulness is an essential for the moral life. So a kind of formal helpfulness, with a pretense of interest, took the place of genuine, wholehearted mutuality. It even became impossible for him to accept the help of another, since then his own driven sense of obligation would rear up. Thus another facet of the good life was sacrificed.

Little by little, warmth, tenderness, discrimination vanished—to be replaced by a flavorless mass of pretense. A personal interest in creative writing which needed a measure of aloneness and concentration had to be thrust aside. When he did grant himself time alone, he was so often occupied with holding in check his feeling that someone was demanding his presence, or so burning with anger at feeling an obligation to be doing something for others, that little could ever reach the paper.

How immoral such a need to be attentive to all wishes can be is demonstrated in this pathetic family scene. Home from his office, he sits with his child on his knee, open book in his right hand, "reading" the bedtime story the child asked for, while in his left hand he holds his mail and silently scans through his letters. Could there be any greater lack of morality? He cannot really take in any more than the words of the letters, and he deprives himself of the joy of being with his child. He experiences only a pretext of

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participation, and cheats himself and his youngster of the presence and enrichment of a human relationship. He is almost a machine, certainly a poor expression of a person. And yet he proudly boasts of his agility, "After all, the boy doesn't seem to mind, and I know the story by heart."

The importance of self-awareness and human relatedness to morality is illustrated in an episode that has particular significance for teaching and learning. This involved a father's taking his seven-year-old son out in a rowboat. The boy had for some time been able to pull an oar with the boat anchored in shallow water, but now he was eager for a try in the deep sea. As he pulled the oars, it was evident to his father that he was angling or feathering the oar so that only a small surface was exposed to the water. For the father, the forward speed was neglible, but evidently speed was not a value for the son. The former, offering his advice as to what would be good to do to achieve greater speed, suggested that he hold the oars more perpendicularly to the surface of the water. "If I do that, Daddy, my arms aren't strong enough and we don't get anywhere," the boy said, and demonstrated. To be sure, as he pulled, the boat remained still and he practically lifted himself out of the seat. Value for him came through experience—of his own strength or limits, his testing and experiment. The father, at first taking into account only his own values, had ignored or failed to value correctly the boy's strength. But through communication and a willingness and ability to share values and knowings, each could demonstrate his way and his values.

It is the current condition of any person who is estranged from himself, whether in a totalitarian state or a democracy, that he lives under an inner dictatorship that demands absolute fealty to absolute values. Genetically, this arises when one is in fact subjected to rigid authoritarian codes, whether harsh or benevolent in quality. As long as freedom and human relatedness are minimized, some measure of life is destroyed or perverted. A child is then in fact alone, isolated in a hostile world, and, if he develops any of his potentials at all, they tend to be those that make for expediency. He may develop his intellect to a marked degree when he discovers that this will help him in gaining security. He may limit his physical

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explorations, because these bring only scolding criticism when the room is too messy for his meticulous parent. And so, hypertrophy of one resource goes along with atrophy of another. In the process of doing this, he deadens or distorts so much of himself that he becomes a partial being, an excluding, not including or embracing, person.

He seeks, for instance, human companionship, but he fails to be spontaneous and affectionate. He is able to entertain his friends with his erudition, but he is awkward and insensitive when it comes to the tender intimacies. And so he often finds himself more and more lonesome, baffled that others value so little what he values. He becomes a frightened person, and, out of fear, he seeks some answer to allay all his anxieties. He may seek in some external institution or in some philosophy the final answer and the ultimate cause to affirm his meaning. And within himself he creates an idealized image of absolute perfection. These efforts would in themselves be of no great harm were they merely goals, stars to give him direction. But, bred of fear, they are not standards assumed freely and used humanely as guides. They become instead a stern Moloch. They make of a person a mean thing who must clamor and blindly rebel to be heard, or who must submit meekly. As long as he lives, he cannot err without self-contempt; he cannot disagree without fear of reprisal. If he rebels blindly, he becomes a headless conglomorate of passion. If he fails to struggle, he submits and becomes bland and tasteless, like the community on the island. If he withdraws from life, not simply as a social recluse, but with a formal sociability, he withdraws from his own juice and sap, from the vital stuff of self.

The moral problem of today has been studied under many aspects, as indeed it must be if we are to guide ourselves intelligently. Students of the human community have seen the problem in terms of nationalism and the conflict of power. Others have correctly recognized the massive pressure toward conformity and the fear of differentness. Some have defined the difficulty in the Promethean terms of man's reaching beyond himself and being unable to control the product of his initiative, science. Man, some say, has become again a beast, aiming at the destruction of his brothers.

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The essential problem, others say, is that we have become estranged from God, and hence have lost our meaning and our spiritual sanctions.

Psychoanalysis, dealing as it does with the individuals who compose the community, cannot offer any all-embracing formulation of these problems. However, men do make laws, change them, enforce them, rebel against them. Men do cast the votes which unleash destruction or direct their delegates to negotiate. Men are prejudiced or compassionate. Men hate or love, close themselves off or are open to learning and growth. Certainly, whatever we can know of the intimate elements of human nature can add to the understanding, and perhaps the resolution, of the problems studied under any other aspect.

Analytic experience demonstrates that as a person is able to free himself of an absolute morality he becomes more mutually related to others. His life becomes both richer and humbler. He is able to give more and he can receive more. Imagination, often hypertrophied to create a life that cannot be lived in actuality, can be freed for effective use as one tool among many. Now it can be free to take in the poetry and music that enrich life and to project action which can add to our knowledge and resources.

Briefly stated, the experience of this approach is that a living morality is identical with self-realization. But does self-realization not lead man to egocentricity or selfishness? Does this not make man arrogant and asocial? Does it not make him irreligious and more kin to the flesh than to the spirit? Analytic experience shows quite the contrary. Under the heel of authoritarian rule, either inner or outer, we tend to become objects, functions, unreflective and unrelated. When we are close to ourselves, we are able to relate to other people as people, not as things. And out of this human relationship, we are able to experience our relationship with that which transcends us.

A dream of one patient, beginning to free himself from the inner alienating dictatorship of neurosis, gives eloquent testimony to this. Functionally conforming to accepted good values, he egocentrically considered other people as commodities. Now, becoming aware of a cramping loneliness, he dreamed that he was confined

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alone in a small room. He moved from wall to wall, from corner to corner. Then, with increasing panic, he rushed about in greater and greater disorganization. Then he began to feel and know that if he could cry, weep, he could find his way out. This was a person able to act, to explore, but too much concerned with the physical expression of unreflective action, with power. Now he was beginning to know that tears, suffering, honestly felt and expressed, had a freeing power. He was coming to realize what Sartre and the modern Existentialists, in their attempt to free man for humanism, seem not to know. There *is* an exit, not through a leap of faith into the abyss, but by man's tapping his own resources, his own vital juices. This is not to elevate tears and suffering to a moral plane to the exclusion of other elements. To do so would be no different from the overvaluing of action, force, intellection or love. Morality in its essence must be inclusive, not exclusive, of one's self, of all of which this self consists, of others and the mysteries which transcend us. This is a spirituality that is humble and, coming out of experience, is owned and assented to. It is not an ill-fitting adaptation, arising from fear.

But a morality based on self-realization, while inclusive in quality, is not without discrimination. If it were, the particular person, who is after all the focus of morality, would be lost. For example, it is said that man stands against nature, or that the artist is in conflict with nature. Logically, this ensues if we mistake a condition of differentness or contradiction as conflict. Psychologically, it obtains when we ourselves grant a sameness to ourselves and the nonhuman universe. For there is a difference between a condition and a self-conscious agent. If we say that we are better than dogs who swill their food from the ground while we eat from china, are we ennobling ourselves or do we not demean ourselves by this comparison? When we see a statue, made of stone which had no interest in being or not being a statue—or anything else, for that matter—do we ennoble the sculptor by saying that he conquered nature, he outwitted the stone? Is this not similar to the belief that speaks of God as beneficent or angry? When man can feel his own strength, he can be humble and rich, aware of the ground of his own being and his fellow's being. At the same time, he can be aware

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of nature as uninterested in him, yet able to feed or crush him.

It is moral and enriching to distinguish human life from non-human life and the living from the non-living. Differences in kind do not predicate superiority or inferiority—whether in terms of status, prestige or vanity. And out of this grosser distinction, may we not be able to make the more immediate and finer ones? May we not be able to see that human life is not measured by geography, that values are not a matter of number—even of majorities of votes or guns? And, whether we like it or not, men in community must take some responsibility for judging their fellows. Will we not judge with greater humility and love when, in our discrimination, we can recognize the other in particular as well as in general?

Absolute standards of morality which promise ultimate fulfillment paradoxically result in just the opposite. Under such a standard man makes of himself a thing among things, all variety and differences erased. And this can take mathematical or religious form in which individuality and uniqueness are merged and blurred. Then, like the pilot in the stratosphere, we can guide ourselves only by instrument. It is out of the relations of people whose values are relational, grounded in differences, that we have the possibility for an including, creating and moral community. This is a morality that can include justice, law and love, that lives and grows with the human beings who create it.

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Testament

GIUSEPPE PREZZOLINI
Translated by Emery Neff

ON THE LAST DAY OF 1940 I LEFT, unaccompanied, the Casa Italiana of Columbia University, where I had been living for ten years. I have never set foot in it again except on business, never stopped to gaze up at the windows of my apartment. I had suffered too much there, had felt too keenly the futility of the work for cultural interchange I did there.

The occasion of my going was the Second World War—a war that was a disaster for Europe, where my intellectual roots were, and for America, to which my work attached me. I felt that Europe and America were about to destroy something—exactly what, I knew only later: the predominance of the white race; classical civilization, in which I, a rebellious disciple, had been reared.

I took refuge in a penthouse, so called by its owner to increase the rent. Actually, it was an attic on a roof, made over into a sort of apartment by dividing its tiny space with wooden partitions. All the necessities were there, but in miniature, the furnishings arranged so compactly that it was weeks before I learned to avoid striking them with my shins or head. Probably intended as a storage garret, the apartment is crossed by water and steam pipes whose valves and convolutions remind me of the inside of a steamboat.

It has two advantages: solitude and a panorama. I shouldn't call the view beautiful, but on clear days it is certainly striking. For me, since I suffer from lack of liberty, almost from claustrophobia, and would feel oppressed by a grimy wall opposite my windows, the place was a piece of luck. I couldn't have done better for the price, though I haven't said so to my landlord. In summer it is extremely hot, a veritable furnace, and in winter it would be an icebox with-

✪ This translation is an abridged version of the final chapter of *L'Italiano Inutile*, the autobiography of Giuseppe Prezzolini, published by Longanesi e C. of Milan in 1953.

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out the heat of those pipes which stare down threateningly from above like the instruments of torture in the "Prisons" of Piranesi. When rain beats down or wind blows, the air vents and television antennae on the roof, held upright by wires, whistle and shudder, making my doll's house seem like the cabin on the bridge of a steamboat. Wind penetrates it, as do smoke, dust and the stench of burnt garbage. But from it I see continually the sky and the movement of clouds, and am among the few New Yorkers to see by night the moon and the motion certain stars make about her, as if enamored. The roof is my recreation day and night. I see three-quarters of the city: the two rivers that make Manhattan an island, the three great bridges joining it to the continent and to other islands, the ships, barges, ferry boats going up and down the waters, columns of auto headlights rising and falling in waves on sinuous bridges, skyscraper profiles like lace patterns against the horizon, and steep hills covered with ladder-rungs of houses.

I have abandoned social life completely. For the past thirteen years I have not left the penthouse, summer or winter, to consort with others. I hope to die there before its owners tear it down to build another more modern and profitable.

With more leisure for study, I went back to the philosophers of my youth, to classics in many literatures, prepared for my teaching more carefully, learned to read Russian after a fashion. There remained some old friends of my Italian days, whom I considered dead like myself, although they considered themselves alive. Our letters resemble a dialogue between shades, very dear to me and melancholy; they still go on. Also, always by mail, I have made new friends, whom I call "letter-friends" because I have never laid eyes on them. These nevertheless I appreciate and hold very dear, as the last delights of my penumbra. And there come to my attic men despairing, like me, both of themselves and of the world in which we happened to be born, with whom there is an exchange of affection and condolence which greatly resembles love, though we dare not say so, preferring to speak with aloofness and irony.

It was in this place and in this situation that the past presented itself finally before me as matter for reflection. I had first thought

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of it as something to be improved upon. Seeming often to have made mistakes, I resolved to change my way of life. I have been a materialist and an idealist. I have tried to believe in Catholicism (minus Christianity). For many years, Croce's philosophy gave me an euphoric illusion of truth. I have been an extreme liberal (to the extent of freeing even ferocious beasts and putting poison at everyone's disposal); I have been a rebel, and then a conservative, but always an extremist; I have been a writer on many topics, a professor, a journalist, a publisher; I have been a bachelor, a father of a family, and am now a hermit. I have been a promoter and emissary of culture, and also its disparager; without contenting anyone, myself least of all, I have done the labor of the pioneer without gathering the fruit of the colonizer. Now I am worn out beyond all remedy. I have played all my cards. In the end, everything seems of equal importance: spaghetti, about which I have written a book, and Machiavelli's philosophy, about which I have written another. Nothing seems superior or inferior: glory and infamy, body and soul, saint and criminal, skin and pulp. I have no belief in anything, about anything, because of anything, for any purpose.

In my attic I live like a friar, doing the housework and cooking, washing dishes, polishing the floor, shining my shoes, dusting furniture exposed to the dirtiest city in the world, washing windows to keep my view clear, making war on the periodic invasion of insects that cannot be kept out of the decrepit houses of this metropolis; and I, who have never done gymnastics or gone in for any sport, find in these exercises an equilibrium of body and spirit which makes me appreciate monastic rules. At bottom, however, I don't like such labor, and would be glad to be rid of it if I could. Just so I have often traveled third class, knowing perfectly well that I should have been more comfortable in first. I am unhappy, I grant, but as little foolish as possible. There is nothing heroic in poverty, which is one of the worst diseases in the world and also something to be a bit ashamed of at a certain age. I consider myself at least stupid for not having profited from many opportunities to make money and to enjoy life.

What opened a breach in my idealistic convictions, through

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which passed all the skepticism I am now soaked in, was my becoming aware that the whole world is history—history without relation to the moral aspirations we bring with us. The world of history is as indifferent to us and to all moral aspiration as the physical world, and wounds us more than the indifference of suns and planets which wounded Leopardi. In the observatory in which I am shut up, I received during the years of the last war, from every part of the world, this feeling, expressed in many tongues by the poets of our time, disconsolate, despairing, strident, sick of solitude but incapable of love—arid, ironic, impotent. Wars and revolutions, struggles of classes and of nations, collisions of races and cultures, conflicts in order to satiate hunger for food and enjoyment, competitions to satisfy people at the top, to gain leadership, hatred of the hindmost, revenge for old injuries and the craze to inflict new ones—all these disregard the need we feel for justice, order and love; and if they ever regard it, that is only a means to render their fires more incandescent. The maker of history is Cain, not Abel.

We are condemned always to act the part of Cain, for whosoever abstains from fighting him is his accomplice, and to overcome one evil there is no choice but to perpetrate another, which bears within itself germs of revenge and reprisal, reproducing itself on a large scale in the next generation. The world is growing, but through the power of hatred. Its leaven is human blood. It is not progressing, but expanding, a ferment of envy, fear and horror. Always it has been a bubble of gall, but now it is expanding.

I had made a desert about me, but the world was not for me a desert. I read meditatively instead of hearing and making desultory social conversation. I was unhappy, but there were many like me in the past and in the present.

Among the reflections which this situation has brought to me is one of feeling myself a stranger to the country in which I was born and through which I had tried to work. I became an American citizen after a great struggle with my conscience. I knew what a definitive break meant. I did not see myself returning to Italy as "an American tourist."

It was then that I became aware that throughout my life there

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had been an incompatibility of character between me and my compatriots. Wholly my fault, evidently: fifty million Italians are always in the right if there happens to be born among them someone who does not continue their tradition, does not adapt himself to their way of life. I should have understood this earlier, from the fact that I was obliged to go abroad. During my fifty years of Italian literary life, no Italian journal has believed me capable of being its correspondent in any foreign country, or in any domestic region; no publisher ever thought I might discover authors for him or edit a review; no official position has ever been open, not to mention any in the universities. Yet presumably I might have done for my country what I have done for other lands. I have known several Italian correspondents, publishers, consuls, editors of reviews and newspapers, secret or official envoys of organizations, commercial representatives: I was not less intelligent, less honest, less cultivated, less capable of work and loyalty than they. But evidently I was antipathetic to Italians, at least to those who count for more and could have made use of me. Something in me doesn't "go" with Italians. Sometimes I wonder if I haven't been accused of the "evil eye." It has been just short of that.

When I found someone who knew more than I and treated me with respect, I felt no subservience in working for him. I have found such people in France and in America.

But from afar, I feel an admiration for Italy and its agreeable inhabitants which is much greater than it could have been had I been subjected to the irritations of continuing to live there. What talent in its writers, what imagination in its artists, what energy in its workers, what capacity to endure suffering, vitality to procreate and to recover from the blows of fortune! Italian books and reviews often offer me pages I read with avidity; the conversations I have with Italians who seek me out tell of striking vicissitudes. I am not an uncomprehended genius, but I may call myself "a rejected lover." We rejected lovers are always in the wrong.

When I look back, I see errors which might have been fatal, and foresights which might have led me God knows where. From those errors I was always saved by unexpected forces, happy accidents.

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Once, on getting to the top of a mountain ridge, I pushed against a precariously balanced rock and saw it fall bounding, an unchained Fury, scattering flakes and fragments every time it struck but always increasing frightfully the arc of its leaps; and suddenly I was aware that the roofs down there in the valley covered people and that children were probably on the paths. I went through a moment of terror until the mass of rock, reaching a large depression in the earth, broke into a thousand fragments against its farther side. Then I could breathe again. Had I killed someone, I might not be here to tell the story.

I could go on mentioning incidents of this sort, not in external life only. Happy those who see in history Providence or a rationality which guides, predisposes, corrects. For my part, when I think of certain encounters with disease and death, with books picked at random from library shelves which impressed me greatly, I say that we are in the hands of Chance. Though that response be ancient, I know of none better.

Chance gave me a great longing for truth. Tastes for doubt, study, discussion, have never left me. Hours passed in libraries, discussion with friends, lessons from people who knew more than I, seem summits in my life. Some are memorable.

Each related to some outward object: the walls of Perugia with Pascal's vertigo, the bastion of the Monte alle Croci with Carlyle's spiritual tailoring, the discovery of Swift while walking along the Seine in Paris where the apse of the cathedral with its flying buttresses resembles a spider, Leibnitz with the Church of St. Sebastian, Samuel Butler (the third!) with Washington Square, and Taine (of the *Origins*) on the steps of Piazza Michelangelo.

I have lived my ideas, my authors, my friends. I have gone on being uplifted by new voices in poetry, thought, action. Now I know that these were all "personal relations," and that what matters most is the relation to a person, living or dead, always in his own words, and that there is no other value. There is no true or false, good or bad. Nothing exists for us human beings but antipathy and sympathy. No one can pronounce words more authoritative than "I like"; "I dislike"; "I love"; "I hate." Who can refute

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them? There is the Absolute. It is possible to deny the existence of God or of the atom; but who can deny the pungent, present, potent "I like," "I dislike"?

All this means that what once seemed to me the rational process of the world, the dialectic of reality and the rational duty to follow it, now seems to me merely a grand fantasy, a universal caprice within which we dance our little round. But in that round it is better for us to do what we like, dance in our own way.

There are days in the past that seem wasted: they involved irrational fears, incredible shortsightedness, molehills I took for mountains, bolts of lightning I thought were sparks. Then, in the midst of these delusions, there occurred instants of lucidity, almost of prophecy, thrown at the questing spirit, as if to deceive it with a sample of truth. Coincidences, accidents, these also. But on the other hand I still hold dear the memory of my "affinities." Our personal relations are very like electrons, as the physicists describe them: they arrive in *quanta*, for no ascertainable reason. The personalities I have had the good fortune to meet have been a great gift. The unexpected acquaintance with Papini, my gradual intimacy with Soffici, a week with Croce in Naples, sessions with Bergson, talks with Mussolini, conversations with Cecchi, and with others, some unknown to the world, with whom I have felt "at home," for no earthly reason: these I like to recall. Yet I feel a shade of melancholy, of regret that I did not know how to benefit sufficiently from those lucky moments. What fine things I should have been able to tell my readers!

After recent events, the youth I have described in this autobiography will seem pale and bookish, my maturity unheroic, my old age positively cynical. Readers will sense the difficulty I have had in writing. Recollection is a dolorous undertaking for me. The entire past seems a huge mistake, and I try to think of it as little as possible. Now that I am advanced in years with no future ahead, I live in a time of vague expectation which, in no rigorous philosophical sense, may be called the present. In short, when a well-cooked beefsteak is on a platter before me, I believe I shall succeed in eating it. Much beyond that, in the way of certainty, I do not go.

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Another steak that may be cooked already raises doubts: I have seen too many arrive at the table burnt or raw; others disappear in the kitchen, by way of cats or cooks.

But perhaps the picture of an era now seeming fortunate to many, that of the youth of those who faced Italian life about 1900, may offer food for reflection. To think that we disparaged it, tried to overthrow it—that it seemed impossible for us to live without a revolution, or at least a war! In youth I sighed that my grandfather had seen the French Revolution, my father the Risorgimento, and that therefore there was nothing left for me. When, in July, 1914, the great floodgate of ambitions and national hatreds opened and the era of fire from the sky began, years still had to pass before I realized what was happening, and what was being lost. Perhaps Machiavelli penetrated as deeply as usual into damned human nature when he said: "Men get discontented with the good."

New generations in their turn will hope to make another revolution and wage another war, this time definitive, of course, and fortunate—they taking care to be on the winning side. Or else they will hope to maintain peace, with just progress—Christian, of course. If they are not blind, they will be disillusioned at length; but that doesn't matter.

When I was young, I hoped to reform Italy, or at least a body of Italians. Today there are those who want to reform the world. All this is as impossible as it is to turn the world backward or to hold it where it is. The world moves; Italy also will change, but not as Italians hope.

What I had hoped for makes me laugh today, in the light of what has happened. What is about to happen will be food for laughter for those who are hoping today. It is as impossible to stand still as to attain our goals. The wise man will act cautiously, without faith in anything, knowing that everything, though changing, remains at bottom the same; or if different, no better or worse, except for the effort of a certain sort of people at a given moment. In the world there is, one must admit, rotative injustice instead of universal justice.

If I had become less heated and had sacrificed less, had paid more

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attention to my personal interests, with less regard for others and for what they did, it would have been better, both for me and for them. *That is the only thing I have learned.* I hope that others will not do to me what I should have wished done for them. To imagine that we are all alike and that we know the real desires of our neighbors, is a mistake in personal and in national relations which has produced and will go on producing a gross waste of natural energies, and will augment the sufferings of our human condition.

As for the rest, I await in New York the fall of the atomic bomb, H or X. Knowing what atrocious possibilities there are in life, I count myself fortunate in not having suffered too many disasters hitherto; and I hope to find myself at the center of the explosion, not on its periphery, whence I might emerge insane, maimed, blinded, half-roasted.

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POEMS

by JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

The Dark Wood

In the dark of the wood, silence. No leaf stirred,
No sound, whisper of water or trill of bird—
When a voice said, a voice I had never heard,
"How is it with you?"

The evening light peered through the wood. I had come
A long way over, up the long hill I had come—
Now, half to myself, I answered, turning home,
"It is well with me."

Silence. Silence over valley and hill.
Silence in the dark wood. The world was still.
But a music that I have heard was with me still
As I turned homeward.

by ROSEMARY THOMAS

Dylan Thomas
1914 - 1953

His torrent sweeps the hill's shoulder, nails
the sun's image, wrings the green cloth
of the cloud from his brow. The tooth
of a new wound is his plough.

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Do not expect him to eat with us, drink
with us, who has clocked the medusas
on the hill, flushed the seed of the mandrake
root, X-rayed the gothic of the skull.

God's lung invaded his vein. Now
the loud seas deport him, envy of pity,
from the dolphin dark of a strange city[.]
Blue wing, green fin, convoy him still
who snatched the drowning stick of sleep.
sweat out the seasons of his will
conjuring under a druid hill.

by CAROL JOHNSON

Eclogue for Rachel

See now the height and breadth of the eternal worth, since it hath made itself so many mirrors wherein it breaketh, remaining in itself one as before. *Paradiso* XXIX

Had we but rivers reticence to see
the glass in which our effigy is spent,
the bread we took with every food would be
conscience within our vision to lament
uncomforted as Rachel: *there are none.*
The doubled image will not tyrannize.
Her meanings meet all prefaces in one.
Out Love's three-personed process multiplies
resemblances for adoration apt
as light, the likeness Rachel wept to name
by indirection. Sorrow, if it wrapped
our crucifixion in retentive fame
would not conceal our conscience to return,
behold, to Cytherea's first concern.

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O City, City to consider thee
is to remember Carthage burning down
and fame pursuing Vergil to the sea,
as rhetoric Augustine, till we drown
in rumors which perfect the antic fear
we wince to sing except Creusa weave
prophetic exile in my captain's ear.
See by how many seasons we believe
our husband's gentle country has become
the mother of imperishable daughters?
Where Lydia's river is undivided from
our thames by any circumstance of waters,
we who despaired the City's substantive
have so foreknown her witness that we live.

by MARION LINEAWEAVER

The Lilac Bush

I put my arms around the lilac bush
And hid my face in its green and glossy leaves,
And made our plans for such a night as this:

The village is on fire, and we must leave now[,] children.
Take nothing from the house but a blanket each;
What would you do with toys, and nowhere to keep them?

Come and walk out quietly through the garden,
Where the hedge walls us in from reddening sky,
And lilacs loom, cool and tall, taller than we.

Here you played yesterday while the baby slept
In dappled shade, and I walked slowly about,
Thinking of war, pruning the lilacs.

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Children! Children! Your hair was full of sunlight
And your eyes of laughter. Your brown, bare feet
Were joyful in the pool your father made, long ago.

The fire will burn our garden and our house.
The air grows warm and smoky, and the stars dim;
Take my hands, children—remember what I say:

Even though not one flower shall be left,
Or leaf or beloved branch, we will come back
And dig for the living roots, and set them free.

by HYAM PLUTZIK

For T.S.E. Only

You called me a name on such and such a day—
Do you remember?—you were speaking of Bleistein our brother,
The barbarian with the black cigar, and the pockets
Ringing with cash, and the eyes seeking Jerusalem,
Knowing they have been tricked. Come, brother Thomas,
We three must weep together for our exile.

I see the hunted look, the protestation,
The desperate seeking, the reticence and the brashness
Of the giver of laws to the worshippers of calves.
At times you speak as if the words were walls,
But your walls fell with mine to the torch of a Titus.
Come, let us weep together for our exile.

We two, no doubt, could accommodate ourselves:
We've both read Dante and we both dislike Chicago,
And both, you see, can be brutal, but you must bow down

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To our brother Bleistein here, with the unaesthetic
Cigar and the somber look. Come, do so quickly,
For we must weep together for our exile.

O you may enwomb yourself in words or the Word
(The Word is a good refuge for people too proud
To swallow the milk of the mild Jesus' teaching),
Or a garden in Hampshire with a magic bird, or an old
Quotation from Reverend Andrewes, yet someone or something
(Let us pause to weep together for our exile)

Will stick a needle in your balloon, Thomas.
Is it the shape that you saw upon the stair?
The four knights clanking toward the altar? the hidden
Card in the deck? the sinister man from Nippon?
The hordes on the eastern horizon? Come, brother Burbank,
And let us weep together for our exile.

In the time of sweet sighing you wept bitterly,
And now in the time of weeping you cannot weep.
Will you wait for the peace of the sailor with pearly bones?
Where is the refuge you thought you would find on the island
Where each man lives in his castle? O brother Thomas,
Come let us weep together for our exile.

You drew us first by your scorn, first by your wit;
Later for your own eloquent suffering.
We loved you first for the wicked things you wrote
Of those you acknowledged infinitely gentle.
Wit is the sin that you must expiate.
Bow down to them, and let us weep for our exile.

I see your words wrung out in pain, but never
The true compassion for creatures with you, that Dante
Knew in his nine hells. O eagle! master!
The eagle's ways of pride and scorn will not save

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Though the voice cries loud in humility. Thomas, Thomas,
Come let us pray together for our exile.

You, hypocrite lecteur! mon semblable! mon frère!

by JAMES WHELDEN

One Word for Four Seasons

Open to love at springtide.
Its floods would burst
the heart too closely guarded,
leaving it cursed.

Lover, the sun in summer
can burn to dust
the shallow rooted. Lover,
love more than lust.

And in the harvest season
sit down to eat
with wife and sons; or barren
put back the meat.

He flits alone through winter
weak as a bird,
who did not make desiring
a loving word.

✪ JOHN HALL WHEELOCK, well-known American poet, published his *Collected Poems* in 1936. He is now compiling another volume for publication.

✪ Poetry by ROSEMARY THOMAS has appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly, Poetry* and the *Adelphi*. Her first book, *Immediate Sun,* was winner of the 1951 Twayne modern poetry contest.

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✪ The poetry of CAROL JOHNSON has appeared in the *Hudson Review* and the *Sewanee Review*.

✪ MARION LINEAWEAVER is the author of several books for children. Her short stories, articles and poems have appeared in a wide variety of publications.

✪ HYAN PLUTZIK, assistant professor of English at the University of Rochester, is now doing research in the backgrounds of modern literature as the result of a Ford Foundation grant. His poems have appeared in a number of literary magazines, as well as in one collected volume, *Aspects of Proteus*.

✪ JAMES WHELDEN lives and works in Boston. His first published poem, "Spring Burial," appeared in the Spring, 1952, issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

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The Genius of Kleist

THOMAS MANN
Translated by Francis Golffing

HEINRICH VON KLEIST was descended from a family of squires and officers, residents of Mark Brandenburg. There was little about this baby-faced young man to predispose people in his favor. In society he appeared sullen, melancholy, tongue-tied—a disability stemming in part from a speech defect which made his sporadic contributions sound unpleasantly severe. He seemed unusually liable to fits of sudden embarrassment, stammered or blushed, and altogether impressed his associates by his neurotically forced and tense manner. To infer from such behavior the presence of surpassing genius, weighed down by a sense of mission and tormented by vast issues, would certainly be rash. Yet it is quite true that in Kleist's case such a conjecture would have been borne out by fact. He was one of the greatest, boldest and most ambitious poets Germany has produced; a playwright and storyteller of the very first order; a man unique in every respect, whose achievement and career seemed to violate all known codes and patterns. Kleist dedicated himself to his extravagant themes with a passion little short of frenzy, and the demands he made upon himself could not fail to destroy his system, never very strong and pitched to hysteria from the first. Trying to force what cannot be forced, and undermined by psychogenic ailments, this poet was clearly destined for an early death: at the age of thirty-five he killed himself and a woman who was incurably ill, whom he did not love, and with whom he had nothing in common but a powerful death-wish. "I am going," he said, "since there is nothing left for me either to learn or to gain in this life." Kleist died because he was weary of his incompleteness and eager to return his botched self to the universal flux—hoping, perhaps, that some day it would arise in a more perfect shape.

✪ This article by THOMAS MANN, one of the outstanding literary figures of this century, is an excerpt from his Introduction to *The Short Novels and Stories* of Heinrich von Kleist, to be published by Criterion Books, Inc., in June.

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Within the short span of thirty-five years Kleist flung forth (the term will hardly do, considering how painfully this writer worked over his manuscripts, and yet it seems to fit very well once we attend to the extreme, frightening vehemence of his productions) a body of work imposing in its proportions: eight plays, one of which —*Robert Guiscard*—remained a mighty torso; an equal number of stories; a novel, scheduled to appear in two volumes, which has never been found; a series of essays, including that brilliant piece of philosophical discourse called "On the Puppet Theatre"; a group of marvelously wrought anecdotes; and, finally, several pieces of topical journalism which share the violence, amounting almost to fury, of his central works. All this was accomplished by a young writer whose brief career was further curtailed by his profound and protracted ignorance of himself, who could never make up his mind whether he was destined to be exclusively a poet, and who worked spasmodically, not calmly and steadily. The only genre little cultivated by Kleist is the lyric—and we may well ask why he chose to avoid it, why this extraordinary master of poetic rhetoric, whose plays abound in magnificent flights of poetry, could never get himself to speak directly and freely *in propria persona.* What was it, we ask, that pushed him constantly toward more objective modes of communication, toward the vehement yet at the same time quite impersonal manner of his stories? And then we are reminded of his inability to converse freely with other human beings, of the speech defect referred to earlier. True, Kleist reveled in Dionysiac oratory; yet the confessional mode of which Goethe was so prodigal (remember that Goethe would have labeled all his literary productions "parts of one great confession") remained forever closed to him. The final secret of Kleist's tormented life went into the grave with the dead man, who shortly before had written to his devoted sister: "The fact of the matter is that there was no help for me on this earth."

Kleist was born in Frankfurt on the Oder, the son of a retired major, Joachim Friedrich von Kleist. At the age of fifteen the delicate, sensitive boy was placed, according to custom, in a regiment of guards stationed in Potsdam, where (also according to custom) the common soldiers often were beaten and the officers were illiterate

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wastrels. While still an ensign he was sent to the Army of the Rhine, took part in the siege of Mayence and two hot skirmishes. "May God give us peace to enable us to make up, by more humane deeds, for the time we kill here so unethically." This hardly sounds like enthusiasm for the soldier's profession. Kleist's distaste for the profession did not diminish but on the contrary grew steadily, even after his return to garrison life in Potsdam. The young lieutenant, just turned twenty-one, asked to be released. After seven years of service, every one of which he cursed, the release was granted him and he was free to matriculate as a student in the university of his native city. The next few years were to be dedicated to a study of the sciences, mathematics and philosophy and to a project entitled "The Encyclopaedia of Literature."

It is obvious that literature did not at first mean to the young Kleist what it came to mean later: intensive production, passion, tragedy, destiny. At that stage literature implied principally erudition, enlightenment, moral perfection, sound scholarship. The profession of a university teacher seemed the right one for him. Whatever he assimilated he put to immediate use by lecturing privately to young girls of his own class. It was moral pedagogy, not love, that prompted his engagement to a certain Wilhelmina Zenge, whom he had previously instructed in German grammar and whom he now forced to write essays on the subject of the true aims and satisfactions of married life.

But a moment arrived when Kleist dimly perceived that all this, his engagement first and foremost, was sheer nonsense; that science and mathematics, scholarship and philosophical speculation, even moral perfection, were really no concern of his; that this whole realm of abstraction with which he was mortifying himself (as in other ways he mortified himself in the role of a high-minded bridegroom) was a waste of his nervous energy and his vital powers. The crisis occurred in the summer of 1800 when Kleist suddenly undertook a journey—the first in a long series of restless peregrinations. This first trip, incidentally, was made for medical reasons, though exactly what those reasons were is not known. He went to a hospital in Würtzburg for the "removal of an impediment to marriage." The phrase may have referred to a nervous ailment, or as one biog-

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rapher states, to a minor physical malformation. There is also some mention of adolescent "confusions" into which Kleist was afraid of relapsing.

In his letters Kleist wrote about his stay at the clinic in terms at once enigmatic and emphatic, using phrases like "incredible sacrifices" and "tremendous stakes." But he returned triumphant, calling out to his bride, "You were born for motherhood!" and "Girl, how happy you will be!" Yet in a short time he was writing: "I have often wondered whether it is not my duty to leave you." And in fact he left her, with the strange words: "There is one term in the German language most women will never understand. That is the term *ambition*." And later in the same letter: "Don't write to me again. My only wish is to die."

This combination of ambition and desire for annihilation is difficult to comprehend. As Kleist himself put it: "Everything is tangled in my mind like the fibres on a distaff." His whole nature rebelled against the notion of accepting the nondescript position which would have been necessary if he had married Wilhelmina. His scientific ambition, his quest for truth, had suffered a shock, through the study of Kant's philosophy, which overthrew all his moral and intellectual notions. It had suddenly dawned upon him that truth and perfection are not within our reach, and that all our knowledge is conditioned by the peculiar nature of our ratiocination. This insight overwhelmed him. "My one supreme goal has vanished, and I am bereft."

For a while he simply drifted, idle, vacant, unmoored. And yet not entirely unmoored. For in the interim, without really deciding or wanting to do so, he had started to write. After brief stays at Göttingen, Berlin, Strassburg, Berne, Königsberg, Dresden, he came for a while to Paris, bringing with him two barely begun plays, *The Schroffenstein Family* and *Robert Guiscard, Duke of Normandy*. The first he was eventually to complete: it turned out to be a bombastic and picaresque play, full of absurdities yet not without flashes of genius. Kleist himself soon labeled it a "wretched piece of trash." The figure of Guiscard, on the other hand, became a figure of destiny for Kleist. Having set out to conquer Byzantium, that Norman duke persisted in his design against all odds, although

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his army was decimated by the plague and he himself tainted with it. A figure of destiny its protagonist, the play itself was at the same time a poetic task that was never to be completed, which Kleist attacked again and again: a symbol of the ambition he had alluded to earlier. And yet there is a grotesque element to this ambition, which referred only indirectly to the world, fame, literary accomplishment, but directly to his Prussian ancestry and his family, before whom he wished to justify his existence in a desperate see-saw between pride and inferiority. *Guiscard* was to be the proof that he, although *déclassé*, was worthy to bear the name of Kleist. And, indeed, all who read the fragment of *Guiscard* were full of admiration. For a while the project was referred to as "the crown of immortality." But eventually the poet had to admit defeat. "I have spent half a thousand days, including many nights, trying to add another crown to those already won by our family. But now our patron saint calls out that I have done enough. She kisses the sweat on my brow and comforts me by telling me that if every one of her sons had worked as hard as I, our name would not be missing from the constellations. . . ."

Greater nonsense has never been uttered. If the name of Kleist has a place among the constellations, it is he and he alone who has put it there. (One of Kleist's forebears, Ewald von Kleist, 1715-1759, was a poet, but I am not familiar with his work, nor do I greatly regret my ignorance.) I do not know, and doubt whether anyone else knows, what honors have accrued to Brandenburg through the deeds of the majors and generals von Kleist. But I do know that there is only one Kleist in all the world, and that is the one who wrote *Penthesilea, Michael Kohlhaas,* and the one tremendous act of *Robert Guiscard,* which is so superb that it is impossible to imagine its continuation. Without our poet the name of Kleist would be nothing, yet he says that he has undertaken his inspired labors only for the glorification of his family, every sign of disapprobation on whose part he feels as a stab.

What confusion and childishness must have reigned in his mind! And yet there are elements in this crazy "ambition" which are more consonant with the serious cast of the term, though even they are tainted with the dismal and the soul-destroying. Kleist's ambition

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was in its very essence damaged by *hubris*, jealousy and envy, always overreaching itself; his was the passion of one pretending to a crown that is not rightfully his and that must be torn from the head of its true owner, in this case the most great, most richly blest Goethe.

Kleist's ambivalent attitude to Goethe, forever oscillating between humility and hatred, admiration and fierce jealousy, and leading finally to a personal clash, contributed greatly to the bitterness of his life. And yet his extravagant dream of deposing that sovereign of letters from his throne was not altogether absurd. Kleist was shy and taciturn as a rule. But one day in Ossmannstädt he told Wieland, then an old man, who knew how to get him to talk, the plan of his *Guiscard* and recited some passages from memory. The aged arbiter of letters was fascinated. He exclaimed that here was a force capable of filling a gap in German dramatic literature which even Goethe and Schiller had been unable to fill. After Kleist had left, Wieland sent after him the following note: "Nothing is beyond the grasp of your genius. You must complete your *Guiscard*, though Caucasus and Atlas together should be on your shoulders." Small wonder that Kleist's opinion of himself rose extraordinarily. But not for long. Shortly afterward, he burned the manuscript, sparing, however, a few pages from which he was later to reconstruct the fragment.

Goethe once wrote: "A man who is unable to despair has no need to be alive." Kleist's tempestuous temperament was only too prone to despair. But even during his fits of anguish his gaze remained fixed on the crown of the Olympian Goethe. For Kleist knew deep down that there was something in him which might, eventually, enable him to outdistance Goethe and Schiller, those favorites of the gods—something pre-Olympian, titanic, barbaric; something elementally dramatic, having nothing to do with erudition, *humanitas*, the golden mean, Winckelmann's brand of Hellenism, or any moralizing poetry of ideas; something ecstatic and enthusiastic, generating excesses of expression down to the smallest details of a brutally frank style.

After the wild ferment of their early works, Goethe and Schiller had reached the harbor of a high-minded and noble classicism, of

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ideal beauty. It is this stage which represents the apogee of our literary culture. There is nothing in our literature as loftily beautiful as Goethe's *Iphigenia.* There could be no more successful formal experiment than Schiller's imitation of classical drama in *The Bride of Messina.* Nevertheless, it is Kleist's plays alone, lacking as they are in harmonious proportion and decorum, that give us the archaic shudder of myth the way Sophocles and Aeschylus do. This is especially true of the one work he was unable to finish, the *Guiscard* fragment.

I thoroughly understand—I even share—Goethe's unsympathetic reaction to this genius who was too wild and elemental ever to conform to any aesthetic convention. There can be no doubt that Kleist wanted to upset, even to shock and bewilder his reader. This holds true even of his most charming and delightful version of Molière's *Amphitryon,* in which Goethe found a certain obscurantism in Kleist's interpretation of *le partage avec Jupiter* as a Christian overshadowing by the Holy Spirit. It is also true that Kleist, painfully hypochondriac, could never come to terms with life, that his taste ran to pathological subjects such as somnambulism and hysteria, and that he had an oppressive concern with legalistic involvements, apparent even in his last and most mature play, *The Prince of Homburg.* There is something ghastly about the perverse eroticism and cannibalism of his *Penthesilea,* which he dedicated to Goethe "on the knees of his heart" and which the latter coldly rejected. Even more ghastly is the berserk nationalism (Rome standing for France and Napoleon) of *The Battle of Arminius,* whose blue-eyed protagonist acts more deviously than any Punic leader—a perfectly realistic trait, though it rather warns against than idealizes the German character. Nor is the extravagant naïveté, the near-parody of popular style of *Kätchen von Heilbronn* to everybody's taste: a drama of knighthood, it pushes romanticism to the brink of absurdity, full of somnambulism, *doppelgänger* and angels leading people through fire and water. Goethe, who had earlier ruined Kleist's broad farce in the Dutch manner, *The Broken Pitcher,* by staging it in three acts (Kleist wanted to challenge him to a duel), instead of putting on *Kätchen von Heilbronn,* burned the manuscript in his stove for its "damnable perversity."

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Later he wrote in a review: "With the best will in the world toward this poet, I have always been moved to horror and disgust by something in his works, as though here were a body well-planned by nature, tainted with an incurable disease."

This image stays with the reader because it rests on a true perception, and some of Kleist's own statements seem to bear it out. "You must realize that my heart is sick." And yet, quite apart from the fact that the man who had written *Werther* and *Tasso* was hardly in a position to pronounce so haughtily on the subject of morbidity, it can be claimed that in the case of Kleist abnormality has resulted in an increase of poetic power, rather than its decrease. Regardless of the elements of sickness in his genius or the recurrence of illness in a life overburdened by a sense of the highest responsibility, Kleist was not a sick man. In his first play the following lines occur: "A man doesn't have to support calmly every stroke of fortune. When God strikes it is permitted us to sink down and to sigh as well, for equanimity is a virtue only to athletes. As human beings we take our falls neither for money nor for show. And yet we should always get up again with dignity." Kleist always rose from his collapses and fits of despair with dignity, and moreover the relation between health and its opposite is too complicated for anyone to deny vitality rashly to a man of this sort. His physical illnesses bear a strong resemblance to the fainting fits which occur over and over in his writings—so that we may look upon them as recoveries through a profound return to the unconscious, to the sources of life; and his stubbornness and will to maturity are such that they put all robustness to shame. In a single year, 1808, after the ecstatic labors of the *Penthesilea,* he wrote not only the overly sweet *Kätchen von Heilbronn,* but also the entire, savage *Battle of Arminius* and four of his most powerful stories, including the magnificent *Michael Kohlhaas.* Is this not vitality? And in 1810, one year before his death, he gave the world his most successful and, for all its oppressive features, most serene play, *The Prince of Homburg.* Then his painful life came to a close. Nor did it lack completeness. A life need not last for eighty years in order to be fully sustained and victorious.

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Scotland and the Scots

WILLIAM CROFT DICKINSON

SCOTLAND IS A SMALL and remote country; in many respects it is also a poor country. There is an old saying that when Satan displayed and offered all the kingdoms of the world to Christ if He would fall down and worship him, Scotland was hidden from view by the Devil's black, evil thumb as being likely to make no difference, or, perhaps, as being likely to have an effect other than that which the Devil desired.

To the unsympathetic visitor (and a lack of sympathy blurs both vision and understanding), this land of Scotland is a land devoid of lush pastures, a land of bare mountains and lonely moors, of hard, stone-built villages and towns, a land peopled by men and women who are constantly preoccupied with the life of today and the life to come. The more understanding visitor may see in its hills and valleys a land of tragedy, of unrequited effort, of brave lost causes and of longings unfulfilled; and he may remember Robert Louis Stevenson's wish that, when dying, he might see again "hills of home," and "hear again the call,"

> Hear about the graves of the martyrs the peewees crying,
> And hear no more at all.

To the educated Englishman it is a land whose history has been one of feud and foray, whose people were lawless fighters and dour contenders. He has heard (for his own past has been touched thereby) of Wallace and Bruce, and, later, of marauding MacGregors and massacred MacDonalds. He has heard, too, of John

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Knox and the Covenanters of the West; and he has wondered, perhaps, how grim lawlessness could give way to the grim austerity of Calvinism and yield to the discipline of the Presbyterian Church.

For many of those who come to Scotland from afar, it is the land of their forebears—a land which sent its sons to every corner of the earth. But no matter where they went, they still remained Scots, not only in their gatherings together in "clan societies" and "Burns clubs," but also in keeping Scottish ways and a Scottish outlook on life, an innate love of independence and a strict adherence to principle. In America alone, proof of that can be found on every hand, and in more than the Scottish place names which can be counted by the hundreds. An American historian reminds us that "Scots pioneers manned the early frontiers, were among the first to declare for independence, played a major role in the Revolutionary struggle, and had a significant influence on the Constitution." When, in 1775, Patrick Henry proclaimed, "Give me liberty or give me death," he was voicing once more the words of his ancestors who, in 1320, in the midst of an earlier bitter struggle, had proclaimed that they fought "not for glory, or riches, or honours, but for liberty alone, the liberty which no true man will yield save with his life." We shall hear more of that love of liberty; here it only remains to add that Scottish blood ran in the veins of Jefferson and Robert E. Lee, and that the signers of the Declaration of Independence included, among other Scots, James Wilson and John Witherspoon, both students of Scottish universities. James Wilson, a student of the University of St. Andrews, was also one of the principal drafters of the Constitution, and a man of wide, even prophetic, political wisdom. John Witherspoon, a student of the University of Edinburgh, was also one of the leading architects of the American Presbyterian Church, as well as the first great president of Princeton University, where he laid a good Scottish stress on "sound common sense."

Yet to many a Scot of today, perhaps to too many Scots, their land is a land with a romantic past—the land of Mary Queen of Scots and Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Border Ballads, the road to the Isles, and the misty peaks of Skye; a land that once had a king and a parliament of its own, but whose castle, palace and parliament hall

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in Edinburgh are now mere "museum pieces" for the tourist and the visitor; a land with a past, but no future, save perhaps to be a province of England, though its people are as different from the English as the Grampian Hills differ from Salisbury Plain, while even within Scotland itself there are wide differences between the folk of different parts, notably between the Highlander and the Lowlander.

And all this springs from the history of the land and its people. The Scot of today is the Scot of history. The past has molded and shaped him. In him we have an amalgam of the work of his geographical environment, of the results of his long struggle for independence against a stronger and wealthier southern neighbor, of the influence of the Reformation and the Presbyterian Church, and of the effects of the union with England and the Industrial Revolution—to name only some of the stronger pressures that have been at work on the national character.

In the first place, the Scots of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries strove for nearly three hundred years to maintain their freedom against their richer and more powerful neighbor to the south. "Bloody" Dunbar, the first battle in the wars of independence, was fought and lost in 1296; Pinkie Cleuch, the last battle between Scotland and England, was fought and lost in 1547. And even after that, there were still "private affairs"; for as late as 1596, "Kinmont Willie" was snatched by the "Bold Buccleuch" from the clutches of Lord Scroope and the castle of Carlisle. It is small wonder that, out of those centuries of struggle, an independent spirit became part and parcel of the Scottish character; small wonder that the Scot became inured to a life of hardship and danger. Both those aspects are constantly stressed by Barbour in his story of the Bruce. Because of both, the Scot in history had already become the unyielding contender against fearful odds, the man who still stood to fight when all seemed lost. The defeat of Wallace at Falkirk in 1298 was never a rout; the gallant schiltrons stood their ground to the last. At Flodden, two hundred years later, in 1513,

> The stubborn spear-men still made good
> Their dark impenetrable wood,

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Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.

So the stories which a Scottish child learns at his mother's knee will always include the stories of the hard life, the courage, the endurance, the daring of Wallace and Bruce and "The Good Sir James." So the Scot of the wars of independence is always nobly striving, nobly enduring, nobly dying. Nor does it end there. The death and victory of the second Earl of Douglas at the Field of Otterburn in 1388 will be told and told again:

My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

And when Hotspur, the proud Percy, son of the Earl of Northumberland, is overthrown:

Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

Nor is it on land alone. The same motif of

I saw a dead man win a fight
And I think that man was I

is to be found in the story of Andrew Barton, who, wounded to the death in his last sea fight against England, bade his men fight on until "ye hear my whistle blow":

"Fight on, my men," cries Sir Andrew Barton,
"I am hurt, but I am not slaine;
I'll lie me down and bleed a-while,
Then I'll rise and fight againe."

So the Scot in history became the "bonnie fechter." In the second half of the eighteenth century, Chatham could declare, "I sought only for merit and I found it in the mountains of the North; I there found a hardy race of men, able to do the country service. . . . I called them forth to her aid, and sent them forth to fight her battles. They did not disappoint my expectations, for their fidelity

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was equal to their valour." And in two relentless wars of our own time, Highland and Lowland regiments alike have given proof that their valor is abiding.

But the long-enduring struggle with England was to have other and different effects. For too long, councilors and kings were too much concerned with guarding or with sallying out from the southern gate. Too often the distant parts of their land were left ungoverned, for law and order too often lapse amid wars and the rumors of wars. Moreover, too many of the noblest and best lost their lives in war; and the wars with England robbed Scotland of two of her strongest kings in their very prime. James II was killed in 1460, when he was only twenty-nine, in the recapture of Roxburgh Castle from the English; James IV was killed at Flodden, at the age of forty.

Moreover, even apart from the accidents of war, the Stewart line was singularly unlucky in its long succession of minorities, and "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." James I was only eleven years old when he succeeded to the crown; James II was just six years old; James III was nine years old; James V was barely one year old; Mary was but one week old; and James VI was only one year old. Then the government of the country fell into the hands of regents who were perforce big feudal magnates, and the lord who was not a regent was likely to think himself as good as the lord who was. For under feudalism, which is essentially government by delegation, the Scottish kings had relied too much on their feudal lords and had given them virtually royal power within their lands. Distant troubles had been left too often to these distant lords; and, when this or that particular trouble had been resolved, the distant lord had always sought his reward. Moreover, since the reward (and what the lord himself added thereto by simple usurpation) usually took the form of forfeited lands, at once the seed was sown for further trouble, when, as James VI bitterly complained, the parties "banged it out bravely" among themselves, "without respect to God, King, or Commonweal." Then those who had the ear of the king, or a vote in council, might gain much by lying words, lying papers, and a show of legality over it all; for a government which sat in Edinburgh knew little of the rights and wrongs

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of this or that "troublous effair" in the North or West. So Huntly became Cock o' the North, and so, in the eyes of their neighbors, the Campbells added vastly to their lands. But many a big feudal lord became well-nigh as powerful as the King of Scots himself; and the king, unable to tax the nobility, never had an army of his own. To many a lord the Stewarts were merely a noble house now raised to kingship by a lucky marriage in the dim and distant past. Where, in them, lay the divinity that "doth hedge a king"? And, where the Stewarts now sat enthroned, might not a Hamilton sit if fortune so favored?

Thus, when this lord or that was appointed regent, there were always others only too ready to say him nay. Thus, under regencies, all men "drew to factions"; and each faction thought only of its own part, and not of the realm as a whole. Only hatred of England could draw them together and, even then, in due course first a Douglas, and then a Lennox-Stewart, could ally with England against the government and the king.

This power of the great feudatories, and its accompanying lack of a strong central authority, led to those many "bands" which are again associated with Scotland and the Scot. For, in the absence of a strong executive, and always under the rule of regents, the small man looked to his neighboring lord for a protection and maintenance which the state could not give; and thereby the lord grew greater still with another "follower." So again the child at his mother's knee hears how Crichton and Livingstone, fearing the power of the Douglases, murdered the young sixth Earl and his brother at the "Black Dinner" in Edinburgh Castle in 1440; and how, twelve years later, James II, likewise fearing the power of the eighth Earl Douglas, then in "band" with the "Tiger" Earl of Crawford, and finding the Douglas unwilling to break his band, stabbed him to death after another dinner, this time in the castle of Stirling. Or it may be the Douglas himself who amiably entertains Sir Patrick Gray at dinner in the castle of Threave (knowing full well that Sir Patrick Gray has ridden there to plead for the life of the Tutor of Bombie who had refused to enter a "Douglas band"), and, during the dinner, gives quiet orders for the Tutor of Bombie to be beheaded on the castle green. Then, the dinner over,

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the Earl leads out his guest for a walk on that fatal green where, pointing to a covering sheet, he says, "Sir Patrick, if ye seek your sister's son ye are come a little late. There he lies, yonder, though he wants his head. But ye can have his body as and when ye will." Or, in the North, it may be the feud of the Gordons and the Ogilvies; or the ghastly tale of the burning of the House of Frendraught.

Faction and feud, a dirk too quickly drawn in quarrel, bands of manrent and friendship, a fierce pride, a strong loyalty to the local lord and to kith and kin: so Ayala, the Spanish ambassador, wrote in 1498, "The Scots spend all their time in wars, and when there is no war they fight with one another."

Partly, too, this loyalty to the local lord and to kith and kin, this banding in feud and friendship, arose from the fact that Scottish feudalism was based as much on the family as on the land; and the feud could be one of blood as well as one for lands. The Scot takes his greatest pride in his family and his kin; he takes pride in the kin of his lord; yet also he loves to be called by the name of his land. The Scottish "territorial designation" has no English parallel. When Alan Breck asked David Balfour, "What's your name?" the young lad replied, "David Balfour"; and then, "thinking that a man with so fine a coat must like fine people," he added proudly, "of Shaws"—to which Alan Breck was quick to reply, "My name is Stewart. . . . A King's name is good enough for me, though I bear it plain, and have the name of no farm-midden to clap to the hind-end of it." Or, if you want a true historical instance of loyalty to the local lord, you will find even the stern, unbending Knox recording in his own *History* how he spoke fair to the licentious Earl of Bothwell, confessing that he had "a good mind" to the Earl's house, "for, my Lord, my grandfather, goodsire, and father have served your Lordship's predecessors, and some of them have died under their standards." And Buchanan's undying hatred of Mary was not unconnected with the fact that Buchanan, like the murdered Darnley, was a Lennox man.

But long, long before this, the physical geography of Scotland had come into play. Scotland, like Caesar's Gaul, was divided into three parts—the Highlands, the Lowlands and the Borders. Look at the map, and at once you wonder how Scottish kings could possi-

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bly govern their land. The mountain ranges and inland seas which had halted every invader from the Romans onward also halted the reach of the royal writ and the king's command. The king might build his castles at Dumbarton and at Inverness, but northward and westward of the Highland line he was obeyed only if men so chose.

In the Highlands, the very nature of the country, with its difficulties of communication and access, and with its limited patches of fertile land in strath and glen, led to small isolated communities —self-reliant, self-supporting, self-interested, and perpetuating the old Celtic grouping by family and kindred and by the eponymous clan. And who, anyway, was this Stewart king in Edinburgh, when MacDonald was Lord of the Isles? In 1527, when James V issued letters of apprising against MacLeod of Dunvegan, the official record states that "the said Alexander MacLeod dwells in the Highland where none of the officers of the law dare pass for fear of their lives." There were a few tracks to kirk and market, a beaten way from burgh to burgh; but the sentinel on Stirling Castle saw the mists on distant peaks where few knew the land, and even fewer knew the way.

The Grampians, like ramparts, stood between two peoples who had become well-nigh foreign to each other. The Highlander looked down on the Lowlands and the fertile coastal plain, and there saw the castles and burghs which had slowly ousted him from his inheritance. There he saw the descendants of Anglo-Normans, Saxons, Flemings, and "ither siclyke folk" who had stolen the birthright of the Gael. Small wonder that to him the Lowlands were now but lands where cattle might be "lifted" or where there was "gear to grip" whenever the need arose or the occasion offered. And Bailie Nicol Jarvie, in Scott's *Rob Roy*, has told that story once and for all.

The failure of the government to hold down the Highland parts not only led to an increase in "bands of manrent and maintenance" and to the power of the local lord who would "protect" in return for "following"; it also led to a wide distinction between a Lowland zone and a Highland zone. To the Lowlander, who paid blackmail

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for a protection the state could not provide, or who awoke to find his cattle gone, the Highlander was a cateran and a thief from birth. Pitscottie, writing in Fife in the second half of the sixteenth century, relates how a MacGregor stole the rich crown of England at the time of the battle of Bosworth Field and, when detected, boldly affirmed: "Sir, ye shall understand that my mother prognosticated when I was young . . . that I would be hanged as the rest of my forbears were before me. Therefore I thought on her saying, and took her to be a true woman. Yet I thought that it should be for no little matter that I should die that death. It should not be for sheep or nolt, or horse or mares, as my forbears did; to steal and be hanged for. But I think it a great honour to my kin and friends [to die] for the rich crown of England . . . and, by my father's soul, Sir, give me credence that had I had it in Scotland, in Blair Atholl, there should never one of you have seen it again."

Later still, at the turn of the century, one of the poems attributed to Montgomerie describes how God made the Highlander out of a lump of horse manure and then

> Quoth God to the Helandman, Quhair wilt thou now?
> I will doun to the Lowland, Lord, and thair steal a cow.

But, in the Highlands, even more than in the Lowlands, there was a loyalty to the chief which recked naught of life and death. The 'Fifteen and the 'Forty-five were tragic interludes in a Scotland that was already changing through the union with England; but both those risings emphasized above all else a loyalty to the call of the chief and the valor of a Highland charge.

On the Borders there was likewise a difficult land. When James V rode out against the Armstrongs, he rode with a whole army at his back. But, on the Borders, although there were the same difficulties of communication and access, there was also a great difference. The Borderer virtually held his land by the sword. The Borderer was in the very forefront of the battle with England; and, when the mobilization of the national host was uncertain and slow, the Borderer not unnaturally came to rely more and more on the strength of his own right hand. But men who have often endured

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trial by battle in raid and foray have little taste for the cold argument and unhurried process of trial in the courts of law. On the Borders, men "knew no measure of law beyond the length of their own swords." On the Borders we find the "simple plan"

> That they should take, who have the power,
> And they should keep, who can.

But the Scot fought not only against England (and, in faction and feud, against his neighbor too); he also fought against nature and an unwilling soil. Look at the map of Scotland again, and you will see that only one-fifth of the land is fertile; and, moreover, that fertile fifth lies in the Lowlands and the eastern coastal plain, the parts most easily burned and harried by English invaders. Before the days of agricultural improvement the poorness of the crop was expressed in the well-known line, "Ane to saw; ane to gnaw; and ane to pay the laird witha'." And when the harvest failed, the lack of good communications hindered what good intentions for relief there might have been. For almost every Scot there was the rhythm of life so well expressed by Sir Alexander Gray:

> Labour by day,
> And scant rest in the gloaming,
> With want an attendant,
> Not lightly out-paced.

Saving and thrift grew from urgent necessity and became, in the words of the lawyers, "common practice." Even in the burghs, trade was negligible and based, until the middle of the seventeenth century, on wool, woolfells, skins, hides, fish, and a little coarse plaiding—all indicative of a still primitive economy, and all in sma' sums. The Scot found the secret of thriving from little to much. He realized that the pennies made the pound. It was a realization forced upon him by nature and circumstance; and it is a lesson he has never forgotten. The Englishman carries his money loose in his trousers' pocket; the Scotsman is frequently to be found carrying it in a purse so that there may be a break, a pause in time, before he ventures upon its expenditure.

This poverty of the land was the prime cause of the exodus of

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the Scot who emigrated, and usually flourished wherever he went. Spurred by necessity, the younger sons of every family fared boldly forth, taking not the motto of the Murrays of Tulliebardine, "Furth fortune and fill the fetters," but rather, "Fare forth and fortune fill the coffers." Even in medieval times there sprang up a scurrilous jibe that "Take your ways where you will, Scotsmen, rats and lice will still be found the whole world over." So the Scottish mercenary was known in every land; and in almost every land could be found the Scottish peddler and his pack. Not a few rose to high places, and the stories told of them are legion. Later, when conscience and religion were at stake, there were those who abandoned all and sought new lands in which to build their church and worship God in the way they deemed to be right. Later still, when the roads were built, economic necessity found new opportunity. There was fascination in the road. "Over the hills and far away" lay the chance of a fortune that would never be found at home, and "the ganging foot was aye getting." Yet the call of the "dear-remembered hills" was always there, and always the Scot dying abroad, in peace or battle, thinks of his home.

Then, to this people, who had faced for so long a life that was poor, difficult and dangerous, came the creed of Knox: a hard creed, but one suited above all others to the people's past, a spiritual faith of austerity and discipline for an earthly life of endurance and danger. Moreover, the new church of Knox and Melville was quick to organize itself. In kirk session, presbytery, synod and general assembly, it developed a local and a central government which was firm and orderly, when the central and local government of the state was still feeble and corrupt. The General Assembly of the Church of Scotland was regular, democratic and representative when the Scottish Parliament possessed not a single one of those three important characteristics. Indeed, at one time, it was just possible that the democratically elected General Assembly of the Church would even supersede the Scottish Parliament. For the people of Scotland had endured so much misgovernment by the state that they clung with both hands to the ordered government of their new church. In England, with its Tudor-perfected machinery of government, the church was bound to be Erastian; in

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Scotland, with no government worthy of the name, the church was bound to be theocratic. In England, it was the Parliament which refused to adjourn at the command of the king; in Scotland, it was the General Assembly of the Church. In England, it was the Speaker of the House of Commons who was held down in his chair; in Scotland, a three-legged stool, it is said, was thrown at the Dean in the Church of St. Giles. In England, Buckingham was murdered; in Scotland, Archbishop Sharp. In England, men took up arms in 1642 to defend the freedom of their Parliament; in Scotland, men had already twice assembled in arms, in 1639 and 1640, to defend the freedom of their Church. In the "Solemn League and Covenant" the English had pressed for a civil league, but the Scots had demanded a religious covenant.

Added to all that, the whole hierarchy of the new and representative church courts now gave the people experience in the government of their church, and thereby developed a critical appraisement of the government of the state. The people gained a new concept of their place in the realm. In the broadest sense, the new church established the "commons"; and Knox's *Book of Discipline* had laid down that "before God there is no respect of persons." To old pride, the Scot now added a new belief in his own importance: a man made in God's image. In Scotland there had never been that strict stratification of society to be found in France and, to a lesser extent, in England; but, henceforward, while social distinctions might be respected, they carried less weight. The Scot no longer needed to be told that "a man's a man for a' that."

Now, too, with his new share in the affairs of his church, is born the Scot who will argue on every question theological and metaphysical. The Scot took to theology as a duck takes to water; and the Longer and Shorter Catechisms proved a marvelous discipline. The English Catechism begins, simply and tritely, with the question, "What is thy name?" but even the Scottish Shorter Catechism, for those of "weaker capacity," drives at once to the very marrow of divinity with its opening question, "What is the chief end of man?" To that awful question the child must answer, "To glorify God and to enjoy Him forever"; and thereafter follow a further one hundred and six questions and answers, including "What is effectual call-

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ing?" and "What is justification?" even before the Ten Commandments are reached. But, all in all, the Reformation released a new spirit; there was an upsurge in the minds of men; education really began and was fostered by the Church. The three existing universities were given new life; a fourth university, Edinburgh, was founded. Ministers acted as local schoolmasters. A remarkable curiosity seized the mind, which, in time, led to the great Scottish schools of philosophy, to Adam Smith and to David Hume.

This new Church, in the Lowlands but not yet in the Highlands, also cut clean across old local loyalties and feuds; it was now "the whole body of believers," an organic whole, a union of the people in God. Nay more, there was henceforth to be a Covenant, a three-fold contract between the people, the king and God. If the king failed to rule his people in accordance with the Covenant, then, under God, the people were justified in opposing him. So Mary was deposed; James VI was held prisoner; Charles I was opposed in arms; and in 1689 the Scots boldly declared that James VII had "forfeited" the crown, while the English were still vaguely talking about a regency and abdication. Small wonder that James VI proclaimed the Divine Right of Kings. It was his only mantle of defense against a different concept advanced and proclaimed by Knox, Melville and Buchanan, and later, in Charles I's day, by Samuel Rutherford in his *Lex Rex*.

Much, almost all, of this came direct from the ministers of the new Church. The ministers laid down the law of God and not a few of them felt impelled thereby to lay down the law of the land also. At times one cannot but marvel at their supreme assurance. It was to Scottish divines that Cromwell addressed those memorable words, "I beseech you in the bowels of Christ to think it possible you may be mistaken." But those words had no effect. And where, indeed, lay the necessity for a council of state, when there were ministers who held that they were in counsel with God? But, out of that, came more than the "thrawn-ness" of the Scot. There came an adherence to principle which, more than once, demanded great sacrifice. In the times of the Covenant, when men preached with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, it led to many a tragic death on moor and hill, the deaths of those martyrs about

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whose lonely graves the peewees cry; it led, as we have seen, to many a move to other lands; in 1843 it led to the great Disruption, when over four hundred ministers abandoned their livings in protest against lay patronage. And again, out of that, was born the "colony of New Edinburgh" and the New Zealand city Dunedin.

Finally, with the fulfillment of Knox's concept of the daily reading of the Bible at home, and with the Bible daily read and used as a textbook in the schools, a knowledge of the Scriptures became part of the heritage of every Scot. The Scots became the "people of a Book." Perhaps because the past had been so grim and hard, there was for long a tendency to turn to the Old Testament rather than to the New. Perhaps also because for centuries the Scot had been too poor, too busy fighting for very existence against internal and external enemies, and always too close to real need, there was a distrust of beauty and all the pleasant ways of life. Ease and leisure had been so long denied that there was no difficulty in interpreting the text "He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil shall not be rich." Nor did the ministers leave their flocks in any doubt of the absolute certainty of reward, or punishment, in the life to come. The "fear of Hell," the awful judgment of God upon those who failed to obey His will, became as real as the certainty of eviction for those who failed to pay their rent.

Nevertheless this new religion and its iron discipline confirmed the national character. Out of austerity and discipline, wedded to labor and endurance, sprang those qualities of self-denial, industry, perseverance and principle, which became the attributes of the Scot at home and which made him a builder of the Empire abroad. The Scot became known for his moral convictions. *Duty* became a word with a definite meaning. To do one's duty (even the duty of the workman conscientiously doing his day's work to the best of his ability) was partly the result of a strict moral upbringing; partly it was a result of the belief that life today was but a preparation for the life hereafter.

The Scots engineer in Kipling's well-known "McAndrew's Hymn" can give praise that

From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, O God—

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Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.
John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enorrmous, certain, slow—
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—*my* "Institutio."

And, in the rhythm and drive of a ship's engines, he can see the work of "the Leevin' God" and the order of his Presbyterian Church:

"Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"
Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.

Then in 1603, the crowns of Scotland and England were united under James VI; and in 1707, came complete incorporating union with England. The background of that incorporating union may be given in simple terms. Scottish industry and manufactures, which had been developing fast in the second half of the seventeenth century, could find no markets. The protectionist policy of England, the Navigation Acts, and the monopolies enjoyed by the English trading companies cut Scotland out from any worth-while colonial trade. On the other hand, England was in the midst of the War of the Spanish Succession, a war to prevent France from becoming supreme in Europe, and Scotland had had an old alliance with France, dating back to the end of the thirteenth century and enduring for the long years of English claims and aggression; in France, a Stewart house had been received in exile; on the very eve of Marlborough's first campaign, the Scottish Parliament had asserted a Scottish right to trade with England's enemy. At such a crisis, could two countries under one king have two separate parliaments and two separate foreign policies? The Union was a compromise. It secured what England wanted—a common front; it gave Scotland what she needed—freedom of trade with the English colonies. It secured to Scotland her Church and her law; it deprived Scotland of her Parliament, and therewith her own control of her own affairs.

The chance to develop her industry and commerce was, indeed, Scotland's main need. With the Union, slowly and haltingly at first, later with leaps and bounds at the time of the so-called Industrial Revolution (and the founding of the Carron Ironworks in 1760 is one of the most important events in Scottish history), Scotland

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began to enjoy a prosperity hitherto unknown. Many a Scot who had talked religion now began to talk "big business." For many there was a welding of old Calvinism with a worship of the new Mammon. So arose a sanctimonious hypocrisy in which wealth and prosperity were equated with spiritual grace. So arose the Scot of "Holy Willie's Prayer":

> But Lord; remember me and mine
> Wi' mercies temporal and divine!
> That I for grace and gear may shine,
> Excell'd by nane!
> And a' the glory shall be Thine!
> Amen! Amen!

Riches and success were now the blessings of the Lord poured forth upon His own; while the poor, and they were many, were to be reconciled to that estate into which it had pleased the Lord to place them.

Many a Scotsman had belatedly come to riches. He took them as the reward of virtue; and many, in taking them, well-nigh lost all virtue. In many there was now much outward show of religion, and the seventh day was rigidly observed; but inward grace had shriveled to a mere nothing, and the heart was like a dried nut that rattles in a fair shell. So the "unco guid" had their day on earth, forgetting, for the future, "how hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." The "unco guid" are no more, but they have left their legacy in many a miners' village and in the Glasgow slums.

Possibly those days of prosperity would have come without union with England; but union with England certainly made prosperity come more quickly. Yet there is something nearer to us than that. When James IV of Scotland was betrothed to Margaret Tudor, the daughter of Henry VII, we are told by Francis Bacon, borrowing from Polydore Vergil, that some of Henry's councillors put the case "if God should take the king's two sons without issue, that then the kingdom of England would fall to the king of Scotland, which might prejudice the monarchy of England. Whereunto the king himself replied: that if that should be, Scotland would be but an accession to England, and not England to Scotland, for

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that the greater would draw the less. . . . This passed as an oracle, and silenced those that moved the question." That was in 1500. Through the marriage of James IV and Margaret Tudor in 1503, and with the failure of heirs to all of Henry VIII's children, James VI of Scotland succeeded Elizabeth, and united the crowns of the two kingdoms. A hundred years later, as we have seen, the parliaments and kingdoms were united to become Great Britain. And what of the oracle? The greater has undoubtedly drawn the less; and the attraction is sapping Scotland's nationhood. It is not merely the sad, but inevitable, fact that the smaller country, playing second fiddle, must perforce follow the tune of the lead; it is something more dangerous than that. Within our own times, through such media as the press, the wireless, ministry-controlled education, and government direction in almost everything, the greater is slowly placing its imprint upon the less. A dull uniformity is spreading fast, and the shadow of London is looming large over all.

The long centuries of his history have formed the Scot in his own ways of work and life; they have developed his own expressions in music, literature, architecture and all the arts. They have molded his personal characteristics. He has built up his own virile language. Are all these shapes and patterns to become more and more blurred, losing their individuality in one common form and so, in the end, becoming merely part of the past from which they sprang? Is that to be the final outcome of the greater drawing the less?

Today there are murmurings in the air, some wise, some foolish. But the thinking Scot of today is turning more and more to his past—a past in which he sees something of an ancient glory; a past of which he is himself a part, and from which he can draw example and inspiration; a past in which he can discern something more than

> . . . a tale
> . . . full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

The thinking Scot of today is turning to a past which formed a nation, and fashioned its women and men. He hopes that through the past he yet may save his nationhood.

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

In the vaudeville theaters of my youth, Amateur Night still flourished in pristine brutality. It was there that the expressive phrase "to get the hook" was born, and many are the aspirants I have seen yanked into the wings by an invisible hand while the crowd, come to see blood, howled its delight. Some of the victims had advanced toward the footlights, trembling and almost voiceless; some still managed to achieve a pitiful parody of the swagger they had rehearsed. But there were few on whose faces *moriturus* was not written.

A mere spectator even in those days and hence a predestined critic, I never exposed myself to the indignity of the hook. But I am exposing myself now. Cruelly kind, the Editor and Board members of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR have issued me precisely the invitation which Keith and Proctor used to offer. I am to come upon this stage and to stay here just as long as—but positively no longer than—the audience will tolerate me. Just out of sight on the O.P. side, the dread engine is ready and in firm hands. If you do not find me here next quarter or at any later time, you will know why: I have got the hook.

Any debonairness I may seem to achieve is completely bogus. A certain theatrical manager is said to have addressed job-seekers thus: "A comedian, eh? Well, make me laugh." Though my present employers would not put it in quite these words, I get the idea: "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give / And we who live to please must please to live." I have, moreover, a strong suspicion that the intention is to make me an Admiral Bing who can be promptly disposed of *pour encourager les autres.*

Irwin Edman regularly appeared here, so brilliantly and for so long a time that the fourth Fate (the one who wields the abhorrèd hook) had broken the symbol of his office and gone home. Irwin was one of my oldest and most valued friends. Had he not done so many things brilliantly, one would have said that conducting a causerie was precisely what he had been born for. Like many he loved to talk; but like, alas, only a few he made listeners willing to listen. He had ideas, of course, and for those he deserved credit. But sometimes it seemed positively unfair that anyone should meet so many amusing people, hear so many witty stories, become involved in so many amusing adventures. In fact, since the laws of chance are what they are, it is impossible not to pay him the compliment of assuming that he made up a good many of them, if not out of the whole cloth, at least with no more than a swatch of it to give him the notion. And if I mention him here, it is not to pay a conventional tribute but to say that, much as I always admired him, I never had stronger reasons for doing so than I have at this moment. It is also to warn you

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that you must not expect anything like what he gave you so easily. Better men than I for this job you may easily find. His kind you will not find again.

* * *

Simeon Strunsky once described, in his "Topics of the Times" column, his experiences as a freshman with the daily theme. The instructor would assign some such topic as "College Spirit" or "Why We Lost the Game." Next day, with a pained air, he would read some specimens of the prose produced, follow them with, perhaps, the "Gettysburg Address," and then ask by implication why his charges didn't write like that. It always seemed to me, said Strunsky, that the comparison would not have been so unfavorable if I had been permitted to deliver the address at Gettysburg and Lincoln had been compelled to write about "The Prospects for the Freshman Hockey Team."

This is, under certain circumstances, a comforting thought. But it offers no excuse which the conductor of this column can plead. He can choose the whole fifteen decisive battles if he feels up to them, or any subject on the face of the earth. In a world reliably said to be full of a number of things, he ought to be able to be witty, or wise, or at least tolerable on some subject. But latitude is like rope. It is as easy to lose oneself in the one as to hang oneself with the other. No doubt Adam and Eve got used in time to having the world before them where to choose, but it is a bit disconcerting to begin with. In fact, it is rather like the experience of being at a party with Ellen Glasgow during her latter years when she used to present her old-fashioned ear trumpet to any guest whom she had not recently tuned in: the result was that most of us promptly forgot the penetrating remarks we had been intending to make and muttered something about the weather.

In one respect only I am in luck. Name-dropping is a sure resource of columnists; and it happens that a few days before I sat down to write this I was in the presence of the biggest name I shall probably ever be in a position to drop. Here comes Her Majesty, the Queen Mother! She had no bon mot for my private ear. I did not see even a cathedral mouse under her chair. Nevertheless, I was in her presence on four separate occasions and I can hardly be expected to forego the opportunity to make a few remarks about queens and queenliness in the Age of the Common Man. Obviously, Her Majesty has a tough assignment. Nobody wants her to be too queenly. On the other hand, if she weren't queenly enough there would be no point in the whole business. And since she is known to produce precisely the right impression, I watched her carefully to see how it is done.

She can hardly have escaped hearing the anecdote about how the Empress Eugénie looked behind her to make sure that a chair was there and how Victoria did not. The Queen Mother, as I was careful to note, has acquired Victoria's assurance; and that helps. But you can't be getting up and sitting down all the time, and the first rule seems to be to take all movements and gestures at half speed. Nothing could be more unqueenly than to act as though you feared impatience. The second rule seems to be that when you acknowledge a bow your reserve should be tempered. Remote as you are, you must actually seem to see the person you are looking at and your smile must seem to be for him, not merely tossed into the air like a bride's bouquet. The distance between you and him is immense. Not to recognize that would be to reduce the whole thing to absurdity. But you must not act as though it were astronomical. You mustn't, like the Duchesse de Guermantes, give a lady a bag of buns originally intended for the bears at the zoo because you are incapable of judging distances.

How much of all this, I wondered, is conscious, how much unconscious? Upon mature reflection I have come to the conclusion that in the case of the Queen Mother it is all much too convincing to be natural, and that her art is based upon the fact that she understands quite as well as her ministers that the importance is nothing more than the importance of the symbol she embodies. The height of her art is precisely what Diderot called "The Paradox of the

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Comedian"; it consists in a sort of tipping the wink—a wink which says, "Perfectly as I play this role, convincingly as I seem to be what I pretend to be, I know and I want you to know that I know that I am playing a role."

Few actors or actresses who tread the boards of an actual theater ever understand this paradox, much less master it. In fact, it is their inability to distinguish between themselves and the roles assigned them that is responsible for their odd behavior in social life. The impersonator of *femmes fatales* thinks she is fatally attractive; and it is a well-known fact that one famous impersonator of Lincoln (it was not Mr. Massey) provoked at the Lamb's Club the remark: "That guy won't be satisfied until somebody assassinates him."

The Queen Mother is the best actress of them all. Like Victoria she has few of the physical attributes of majesty, though she is more attractive and appealing as a woman than Victoria was after the first flush of youth. When she came into the robing room at the Cathedral, I happened to be standing beside a distinguished British scientist whose name had probably better not be mentioned. He leaned over and whispered: "A very regal pigeon." That was apt enough to be funny, but it is not the whole truth either. Huck Finn once explained to Nigger Jim why "kings is kings and you got to make allowances. . . . It's the way they're raised." Royal education is, in these days, a very different matter.

Lest any nervous democrat be disturbed because too much has been made over visiting royalty, let me add a footnote to prove that at least the heart of the masses is sound. So far as I know, the only contretemps to mar the whole series of ceremonies arranged for the Columbia Bicentennial occurred at the end of the dinner on the night before the final convocation. The toastmaster asked the audience to rise while the orchestra played "Stand Columbia." Everybody, including the Queen, did rise. For an awkward moment nothing happened. In fact nothing ever did happen. Since the dinner was at least half an hour behind schedule, I presume that the union musicians had simply gone home, queen or no queen. Colonel McCormick could not have asked for a sturdier show of independence. They would, of course, probably have waited for Rita Hayworth.

* * *

As soon as the convocation was over, Chancellor Adenauer took a plane back to Germany and I took a subway—for the first time since I had left New York more than two years before. When I reached the platform, I walked to the newsstand, selected the afternoon paper with the largest headlines, turned to the latest news of the gaudiest current murder with the most sex interest and was deep in the gory details before it occurred to me to ask myself why I, officially a member of the intelligentsia, should be behaving so precisely like any one of the mass men whose tastes I formally deplore. Why didn't I choose the *Dialogues of Plato* which were offered me for thirty-five cents at the same newsstand?

Was it because, for good or for ill, we are all brothers under the skin? Or was it because, however diverse we may be at other times, noise, crowding, hurry and bustle reduce us to the same condition? Is that taste for violence in news, in fiction, in sports and in everything else, which moralists so much deplore, the inevitable consequence of living the speeding, jostling, noisy life most Americans now lead? Would it be possible to read about anything less sensational than murder in a subway rush hour? And is life for most people becoming more and more like a rush-hour subway?

Dozens of times since I made my choice and fled from New York to the open spaces of the Southwest, I have been asked by the friends I left behind if I did not miss the "stimulation" of New York. Perhaps it is too soon to answer. But I do know that in the old days I was in the subway more often than I was in a theater, a concert hall or an art gallery. And I am by no means sure that it was not worth-while to give up one kind of stimulation for the sake of escaping the other.

Perhaps time will tell. But the answer, I

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am afraid, can hardly be of more than theoretical interest to any generation much later than my own, because it looks more and more as though the future, if indeed there is to be one, will be fast and crowded and noisy beyond anything we can imagine. Two significant items appeared recently, not in Orwell, but in the same issue of the *Scientific American*. Though no connection was noted between them, they belong together.

The first, headed "Famine in Twenty-Five Years," began thus: "By 1975 there will be about 190 million mouths to feed in the United States. Unless the nation increases its agricultural productivity at a faster rate than it is doing, many of them will go hungry, reports Bryan T. Shaw, Administrator of the Agricultural Research Administration of the U. S. Department of Agriculture."

The other item, on a distant page, was cheerfully headed "Food from Sewage" and went on to tell how workers at the University of California had demonstrated that, in a single day, tanked sewage can be almost entirely converted by green algae into high protein food. Any harmful bacteria left behind can, we are assured, be eliminated by drying and pasteurization.

It is true that the item concludes with a would-be reassuring remark: "Because of the 'psychological factor' the researchers do not advocate using sewage grown algae for human food but point out that it would be excellent animal fodder." Lay not that flattering unction to your soul. No mere conventional distaste for an available supply of high protein food is going to compel a hard-pressed population to waste a substantial portion of it by raising uneconomical cattle. As the Bishop in *Back to Methuselah* replies to the housemaid who wonders if certain of the mores predicted of the future would be "decent," "Biological necessities are always decent." Some well-coördinated father of his people will someday say, "Let 'em eat sewage cake."

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Civil Liberties

CORNELL STUDIES IN CIVIL LIBERTIES. *Ithaca: Cornell University Press.*

* * *

SECURITY, LOYALTY, AND SCIENCE. By Walter Gellhorn. *300 pp. $3.00.*

THE STATES AND SUBVERSION. Edited by Walter Gellhorn. *454 pp. $5.00.*

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Reviewed by SAUL K. PADOVER

This impressive series of volumes on the state of civil liberty in the United States today was made possible by a Rockefeller Foundation grant to Cornell University. For about five years a group of scholars, working individually but consulting one another and exchanging views, have been investigating the various programs and activities in the sensitive fields of liberty and security. The results of their findings can be read in these volumes, all but two of which were under the editorship of Professor Robert E. Cushman of Cornell.

The two exceptions are Professor Konvitz' books on immigration and on the Bill of Rights. His *Civil Rights in Immigration* is a much-needed analysis and criticism of the workings of our immigration policy, particularly as it affects the rights of persons under the McCarran-Walter Act. This book, designed for laymen, makes an appeal for certain reforms on humanitarian grounds. Professor Konvitz urges the abolition of the national origins quota system and pleads for greater generosity in regard to immigration. His *Bill of Rights Reader* reviews seventy-three Supreme Court cases dealing with the various liberties that are guaranteed by the first ten amendments to the Constitution, containing both majority and dissenting opinions. In its field this is a nearly indispensable work, although it suffers from one substantial shortcoming: it lacks an index, which impairs its usefulness as a work of reference.

Of the eight volumes of the Cushman series, the first, published in 1950, was *Security, Loyalty, and Science* by Professor Gellhorn of Columbia Law School. This was followed by the three detailed case studies of "un-American activities" committees in two Pacific Coast states and in the city of Washington. The book on the Tenney Committee, by Professor Barrett of the University of California, appeared in 1951; so did the work by Professor Countryman of Yale, on the Canwell Committee of the state of Washington. The large volume on the national House of Representatives' Committee on Un-American Activities, by Professor Carr of Dartmouth, came out

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in 1952. *Loyalty and Legislative Action*, by Dean Chamberlain of Columbia, also belongs in this category, although it is not a detailed case history; it is a summary analysis of the various investigating committees in New York State in the last thirty years.

In one sense, the key volume to the series is *The States and Subversion*, edited by Professor Gellhorn. It contains summary chapters of the books by Barrett, Countryman and Chamberlain, plus chapters on the Broyles Commission of Illinois, the Ober Anti-Communist Law of Maryland, and the loyalty program of Michigan. Professor Gellhorn has added a full list of statutes, as of January 1, 1951, dealing with subversion, sedition and treason in all the states of the Union, including Alaska and Hawaii. He has also contributed "A General View," which is a wise, balanced and thoughtful analysis of the whole complicated problem of liberty and security. He writes:

> The record till now suggests that Russian communism and its ineffectual allies are unlikely to succeed in wresting away our freedoms without our cooperation. If our freedoms are lost, it will be because our own timidity . . . led to their repudiation by us rather than to their destruction by others.
>
> Today as always the path of freedom is perilous. Yet, departure from it is an even larger peril. Once lost, freedom is hard to recapture. . . . The statutes and the investigations considered in this volume were intended to strike at enemies of freedom. In many instances, however, they hit others instead—educators, public employees, political minorities, and even religious groups. . . . All of this flows in part from failure to maintain a constant focus on subversive *activities*. What the States need now . . . is not an ever-growing body of laws to deal with supposedly subversive persons or beliefs. For their legitimate protection they need merely to enforce the already large body of laws that concentrate on actions instead of opinions and associations. . . . Possibly the present period demands not more and more bulwarks, but a slight enlargement of calm and common sense.

Similarly, in his *Security, Loyalty, and Science* Professor Gellhorn warns that the present loyalty programs are actually endangering American science. The emphasis upon too much secrecy in an area of activities where it is virtually impossible to maintain, since science is international and laboratories are in operation in nearly all countries of the world, leads to duplication of effort and a reduction of the number of scientists who might be available in the service of the general welfare. Under present conditions many scientists hesitate to enter public service and others are unable to train the young in fields which the government has labeled "restricted." As a solution for this perilous situation, Professor Gellhorn advises that the government shift emphasis from "loyalty" to "security," and that only in the most sensitive cases, when highly confidential military matters are involved, should there be an investigation into a scientist's loyalty.

The writers of all the volumes are in general agreement on certain conclusions. In varying degrees and with varying emphases, they agree that the investigating committees have gone far beyond their rightful limits and have inflicted damage on many citizens. As Eleanor Bontecou points out in her fine and critical study of the federal loyalty-security program: "It would be equally dangerous to take the position that just a little injustice does not really matter." The federal program, with its vast machinery and cumbersome procedures, has hurt many an individual, perhaps unintentionally. But it has been a model of fairness compared to some state investigating committees. California's Tenney Committee had been so reckless in its charges and so abusive of democratic rights that it was finally put out of business by an aroused public opinion. In the name of anti-communism it had, in fact, tended to strengthen communism. "The power and influence of the Communists," Professor Barrett concludes in his

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By ENNIS REES. A reappraisal and reinterpretation of the great Elizabethan poet, dramatist, and translator of Homer. After a comprehensive study and analysis of his non-dramatic work and the five tragedies, Rees—challenging accepted opinion—demonstrates that Chapman was not a champion of virtù and romtantic individualism, but was an expounder of the Christian-humanistic creed. The author also demonstrates the interdependence of dramatic values and philosophical intent in Chapman's works, and clarifies his use of contrast and irony. *$4.50*

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study of the notorious Tenney Committee, "can be increased by legislative investigations that confuse the communist and non-communist left and attribute to the Communists all movements for reform." Similarly Washington's Canwell Committee invaded the field of civil rights and undermined safeguards carefully set up by the Constitution. "The activities of the Canwell committee and its allies," Professor Countryman points out, "are clearly more subversive of established legal processes than any activities disclosed by the committee's investigation."

The importance of these volumes cannot be overestimated. They are both a tocsin and an arsenal. There is no question about the fact that in this, the seventeenth decade of the existence of the American Republic, our governments have shown a disturbing inclination to curtail the rights of citizens, especially in the sensitive and vulnerable realm of opinion. Our institutions are still solid, but there are elements at work chipping away precious democratic rights. The volumes under review here document this danger overwhelmingly. They should go far toward helping clear the air and fortify those—and there are many in this country—who feel with Jefferson that "the God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time." The time for defending civil rights, without endangering the national security, is now. These books, for which authors and publisher should be congratulated, ought to be on the shelves of all those who care about freedom.

The Lives of the Hunters

OF WHALES AND MEN. By R. B. Robertson. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 300 pp. $4.50.*
THE BUFFALO HUNTERS. By Mari Sandoz. *New York: Hastings House. 367 pp. $4.50.*
CORO-CORO. By Paul A. Zahl. *Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 261 pp. $4.50.*

Reviewed by GORDON CUYLER

Julian Huxley has pointed out that man's opinion of himself in relation to the animal world has swung as a pendulum from Darwin's time, when man believed he was just another animal striving for survival, to today, when he sees himself as biologically unique. With this in mind, it is not too surprising to find three books of 1954, all of which have animals as their point of departure, concerning themselves primarily with men.

Thus, in *Of Whales and Men,* psychiatrist R. B. Robertson, embarked on a modern whale hunt in a super-efficient factory ship, is more interested in the motives which led him and his shipmates to go whaling than he is in the magnificent prey they hunt with such unerring success; historian Mari Sandoz, in *The Buffalo Hunters,* tells about the destruction of the four great herds in a series of vivid pictures of the pioneers who did the shooting; and, in *Coro-Coro,* cancer researcher Paul Zahl pauses frequently in his search for the breeding grounds of the scarlet ibis to search within himself.

Whoever remembers with a quick rush of sympathy Ernest Thompson Seton's *Lives of the Hunted* will shudder a little at *Of Whales and Men,* a good subtitle for which might be "Lives of the Hunters." Each year twelve thousand men, tough, rough and ready, sail from Tönsberg for the Southern Ocean to feed whales to their ugly whale-processing ship—as different from the elegant "Pequod" as day from night. The factory ship is accompanied by thirteen chasers, equipped with the electronic devices of a task force and fast enough to track the blue whales through the antarctic ice. Explosive harpoons, a Norwegian monopoly and shot only by Norwegians, kill whales by the thousands and make modern whaling profitable.

The majestic blue whale, biggest and fastest of all the whales, is only a mass of flesh to these expert killers. In the factory ship's "Brobdingnagian Butcher's Shop," flensers cut into the huge carcass, carving out great chunks to be lifted away into the complicated machinery. Fourteen blue

GORDON CUYLER is a member of the staff of the New York Zoological Society and is a student of natural history literature.

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whales, each weighing about one hundred and twenty long tons, can be processed in a single night. As Dr. Robertson describes it, "The whales floated belly upward in the sea astern of us, looking uncomfortably pathetic and ridiculous. . . . A few hours before, they had been the lords and ladies of the ocean, the mightiest animals that ever knew life on this planet; and now they were so many tons of dead organic matter, waiting their turn to be converted into margerine and poultry feed."

Although Dr. Robertson calls the modern whalers and himself "psychopaths," he does not use the term in its usually accepted sense. He believes the psychopath, "the man with the suffering mind," is a superior being, akin to many of the great artists and scientists—Dostoevski, Columbus, Darwin —who were also too healthy to conform to civilization. These men forsake the well-worn paths of ordinary life and take off on their own. Rather than face the cares and vexations which beset less adventurous men, the whaler finds in the discomforts and demands of his strange calling a welcome and refreshing freedom.

The hide men of Mari Sandoz' *The Buffalo Hunters* are far from being psychopaths, as Dr. Robertson uses the term. Unencumbered by wife or family, they were attracted across the Missouri by scouts' tales and the prospect of getting rich, and there they found the Great Plains black with buffalo.

At first, there were only sporadic clashes between the Plains Indian and the hunter. To the Indian, the buffalo was a main means of support: he fed on its good meat and kept himself warm with the skins. He killed only according to his needs. But as the white hunters increased, the Indian saw them slaughtering his buffalo with their big guns and profiting from the trade in hides from which he was excluded. As the incredible slaughter proceeded, buffalo became harder to kill and the Indian could not procure the rifles and ammunition he needed. The lawless frontiersmen (greenhorns, gamblers and gunmen backed up by the army) broke treaty after treaty, and the

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promises of a distant government never materialized. The white men used any excuse to go marauding, and although the Indian sometimes could retaliate against a portion of the expedition or capture an officer, he was soon humbled and defeated.

In making extensive use of incidents in the lives of the hunters to tell the story of the great slaughter, Miss Sandoz brings the reader a somewhat chaotic picture. Emerging here and there are such characters as Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill Cody and General George Custer. Greedy and vain, and somehow very childish, they are anything but heroes. One wonders whether the same story would have been enacted on the Great Plains if the Pilgrims or the Quakers had first opened the country.

Paul Zahl enters the llanos country of Venezuela not to kill or trade but to discover the breeding grounds of the spectacularly beautiful scarlet ibis, known to the natives as *coro-coro*. This bird breeds only in the rainy season, when the swollen rivers of central Venezuela are monsters that threaten to turn the llanos country into one vast inland sea of flood waters. Watered by steady precipitation six months of the year, this primitive country seven degrees north of the equator has a constant temperature range of 80 to 85 degrees, an ideal climate for growing a profusion of tropical verdure. After following many a false trail, Dr. Zahl succeeds at last in discovering the *garcero*, or breeding place, of the dramatic birds and sets up an ingenious blind to photograph them in their natural habitat.

In this sparsely populated land with its luxuriant vegetation and varied animal life, Dr. Zahl is stirred to reflection. Above all, he is impressed with the infinite provisions of nature to preserve the species and the urge to propagate common to all animals. He sees the continuation of the species as a way for the individual to cheat death in one sense, for, although the individual must die, the species goes on. "What," he asks, "in a broader sense, is the meaning of reproduction? Why did nature grant her higher creatures little more time than to reproduce before turning them back into

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dust? Why is the vital energy of life focussed on the perpetuation not of self but of race?"

Questions such as these lift *Coro-Coro* from the category of a straight natural-history book to the plane of zoological philosophy. Dr. Zahl's grasp of his subject is sound and the reader is treated to an excellent survey of evolution. Far from sentimentality or anthropomorphism, *Coro-Coro* is the able work of a twentieth-century scientist and intellectual.

In the three books here considered, the authors' eyes have been focused mainly on man: the escapist in *Of Whales and Men*, the opportunist in *The Buffalo Hunters* and the philosopher in *Coro-Coro*. This emphasis has not precluded, however, the presentation of a great deal of worth-while information on the natural history of whales, buffalo and scarlet ibises. This is not the kind of natural history that the gentle Gilbert White wrote in *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selbourne*, with his interest in the animal as a wonderful work of God. This is natural history written from man's point of view, with man's justified emphasis on his own importance as the chief character in the animal kingdom.

Brief Comments

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cal principles governing the relations between man and the universe. Instead, he concludes that the laws of nature and of God are coregnant and co-operative with one another, that the ultimate meaning of existence is a God of Love who confronts man with challenges which "may evoke in human souls creative responses that are genuinely free human acts."

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WALTER P. HEDDEN

THE LAST WAR TRAIL: The Utes and the Settlement of Colorado. By Robert Emmitt. *Oklahoma. $4.50.*

By 1879 the White River Utes, long allies of the whites, were hungry. The buffalo were gone, treaty goods did not come, and for ten years settlers had invaded their rich reservation. Then Nathan Cook Meeker, the dreamer who had failed with the Greeley Colony, was appointed agent for the tolerant and humorous Utes. He moved the agency to their favorite pasturage, broke up the ground, pushed the chiefs around, and listened to rumors of burning and depredations circulated by those who wanted the Ute lands. When he sent for troops, Major Thornburgh came, impatient and shooting. The Utes killed him and much of his force, burned the agency, killed Meeker and his helpers, and captured the agent's wife and daughter. In retaliation the Indians were driven out,

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their leaders were imprisoned, their reservation was thrown open to settlement. In 1952 they were finally paid $32,000,000 for the 15,000,000 acres of fertile land, rich in mineral and in oil.

The flaw in Robert Emmitt's account is a spotty familiarity with the seventies in the West, including the wide criticism of Thornburgh's more moderate campaign against the Cheyennes in 1878. Otherwise, this violent and tragic story is told with discernment, imagination and poetic restraint.

MARI SANDOZ

THE DAY OF THE CATTLEMAN. By Ernest Staples Osgood. *Minnesota. $4.50.*

This is the book that set the record straight on cowboys. Hollywood and TV may continue to ignore this solid research in favor of more glamorous folklore, but if anyone wants to know what the West of the cattleman was like, here it is for him to read.

The Day of the Cattleman is a careful, scholarly account of the range-cattle industry, with particular emphasis on Montana and Wyoming, from 1845 to about 1900. The author, who has had long and intimate associations with the West, argues that the range cattleman, by using the semi-arid plains and native grasses to build a great and profitable business enterprise, has far more to his credit than the Wild West show, the movies and TV have allowed him.

The book has had a fabulous reputation for years with the collectors of Western Americana. Long out of print, it has brought big prices in the rare-book market. The University of Minnesota Press is to be commended for making it available again at a modest price.

JAY EDGERTON

THE STATE OF ALASKA. By Ernest Gruening. *Random House. $7.50.*

The double meaning in the title of Ernest Gruening's authoritative history of Alaska is weighted less toward the wish for sovereignty than toward concern for the

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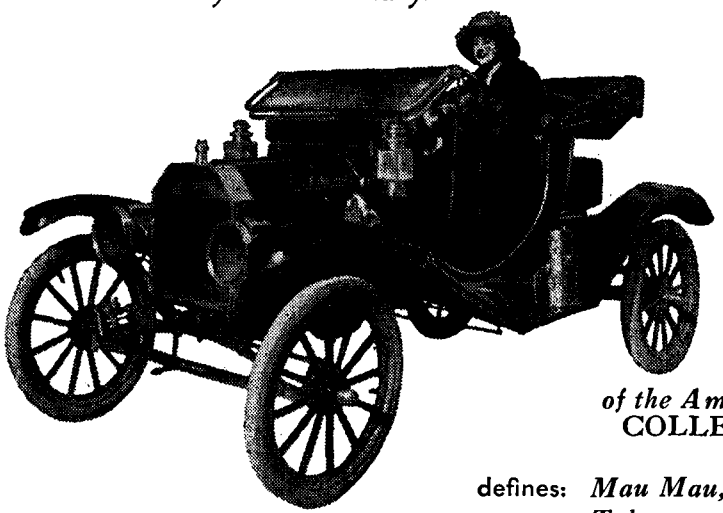

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shameful conditions of neglect, indifference and exploitation of the vast territory at the northernmost outpost of America. His plea for statehood is indeed eloquent, but it is subordinate to his revelations of the persistent injustices inflicted from without upon the natives and settlers of Alaska. Relentlessly and with more than ample citation, former Governor Gruening presses the thesis that every manifestation of life in the relatively little-known land so strategically juxtaposed to the Asian continent —topographic, climatic, geographic, cultural, political, judicial, economic, social and industrial—has been willfully ignored by Congress after Congress since its acquisition in 1867.

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history of the region enacted more frequently on the floors of Congress than in the actual locale of the drama—the growing cities, the sparse settlements and the far-flung tundras of Alaska.

DAVID RUDIN

GREAT RIVER: The Rio Grande in North American History. Two volumes. By Paul Horgan. *Rinehart. $10.00. De luxe edition, $25.00.*

Great River is the work of an amateur in the fullest sense of the word. Mr. Horgan's work is one of love, done with diligence and enthusiasm. It is notably successful in view of the difficulty of his chosen task. The Rio Grande itself does in some measure unify the country through which it flows, but otherwise its basin is not a unit either in physical geography, climate or history. To take its various parts, spatial and chronological, from before the coming of the white man through the days of Pancho Villa, and arrange them into a coherent and consistently interesting whole is a real achievement.

There are omissions: the Mountain Men are brushed off, the Apaches and Kiowas hardly mentioned; the fabulous agricultural development of the lower Rio Grande in this century is ignored. We may quarrel with interpretations—for instance, in the long conflict between church and state in Spanish New Mexico, Mr. Horgan leans too heavily to the side of the friars and paints them whiter than the evidence justifies.

This work misses being absolutely complete. We cannot call it definitive. It is, none the less, both valuable and a delight to read; and, regardless of omissions, it is thorough, deeply researched and finely interpreted.

OLIVER LA FARGE

THE SELF-MADE MAN IN AMERICA: The Myth of Rags to Riches. By Irvin G. Wyllie. *Rutgers. $4.00.*

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and absorbing chapter in the history of America. It is the story of an idea which is primarily a native one, an idea which could find its nutrient soil only in a land in which the concept of equal and unlimited opportunity for all was the dominant factor in the mental climate. Irvin G. Wyllie's book covers the period from 1830 to 1914—the era in which the great dynasty of the millionaire grew to its maturity. He tells his story largely in terms of American business and its leaders; and in the pages of his book he challenges the idea that the get-ahead gospel, which was being preached not only from the trading stalls of Wall Street but also from the pulpits of the nation, had become more secular than religious by Franklin's time. His thesis, which he develops convincingly and often humorously, is that business leaders in the nineteenth century took their texts more from the Bible than from Darwin.

In tracing the course of the rise of the self-made man, Irvin Wyllie has in reality effected an exploration of the Great American Ideal—the ideal which took its tenor from the demands of a primarily materialistic society. The treatment of this idea is a study of the "gulf which exists between ideas and actualities, aspirations and opportunities." While this is hardly a profound or significant work, it is an eminently readable one and, in spite of its somewhat limited scope, adds to our understanding of the American character.

ROBERT H. LYNN

MAIN STREET ON THE MIDDLE BORDER. By Lewis Atherton. *Indiana. $6.00.*

This is a social history of the country towns whose culture—or relative lack of it if we restrict the word to its narrower meaning—has dominated the character of the entire Middle West. The result of extensive research by a University of Missouri professor, Lewis Atherton, who spent his own boyhood and youth in small Missouri towns like those for which he examined newspaper files and diaries, reminiscences, autobiographies and novels by variously prominent citizens, it covers the period from the Civil War to the present, concentrating on towns of less than five thousand in twelve Midwestern states.

The evidence presented sometimes serves as a corrective to commonly held misconceptions. (Despite the ideal of a classless society and the fact that villagers actually have shared a remarkable "togetherness," the record shows that class distinctions always existed—as Mark Twain and other articulate honest observers have known.) And the author is eloquent on one point: towns of the Midwest "are captives of their own past" to the extent that they continue to think of progress in terms of population growth and rising real estate prices. They must now seek more active co-operation with the surrounding farming community as evidence of maturity.

Not a great historical work in which such a concept as the meaning of the frontier emerges from the writing, the book probably is most rewarding in its wealth of detail evocative of a comparatively naïve and optimistic past.

JOAN E. EMMA

YOUTH'S COMPANION. Edited by Lovell Thompson with three former *Companion* editors: M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Arthur Stanwood Pier and Harford Powel. *Houghton Mifflin. $6.00.*

On April 16, 1827, *Youth's Companion* announced its publication: "Our children are born to higher destinies than their fathers. . . . Let their minds be formed, their hearts prepared, and their characters moulded for the scenes and duties of a brighter day." For one hundred years thereafter, the magazine was read by the adults as well as the youth of America, serving as the weekly record of the events, thoughts and tastes of four generations.

Lovell Thompson, whose father was the fourth editor-in-chief, wisely decided to present the selected pieces in a "backward arrangement," beginning with the material which is chronologically closest to the reader. This, coupled with his running commentary, allows one to move easily from poem to story to article. The work of the unknown author is presented alongside that of his supposed "betters," for, as Mr. Thompson points out, it is important to

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"see how much too often the best work of the lesser-known man surpasses the careless moment of the master."

It is impossible to read selections from the early editions of the *Companion* without feeling a certain nostalgia for such naïveté and optimism, and wondering what became of the vision of a "brighter day."

BETSY SAUNDERS

MORALS AND MEDICINE. By Joseph Fletcher. *Princeton. $4.50.*

Artificial insemination, sterilization, euthanasia and contraception are often discussed but rarely defended by cogent analysis of fundamental principles. The validity of the Reverend Joseph Fletcher's penetrating argument for these practices, long in disrepute, is initially established through discussion of the personalism inherent in the physician-patient relationship. The patient's right defines the physician's duty. The individual must be respected as a "rational being"—not regarded as a child or an idiot, incapable of the responsibility and dignity of intellect.

Although subject to Natural Law, man is granted partial power to determine himself —and consequently to determine Nature— through the exercise of intellect, Mr. Fletcher says. Reason establishes his freedom and generates his responsibility, which is enhanced whenever progress forces revision of the general body of knowledge. This implies that moral perspective is also constantly susceptible of reorientation. For example, "in the final stages of the Second World War the U. S. Army was giving out 50,000,000 individual prophylactics each month."

Mr. Fletcher considers sterilization, euthanasia, contraception and artificial insemination natural products of human activity which should contribute essentially to man's developing excellence. He therefore challenges the Roman Catholic stand on most of these issues, charging that Catholic interpretation of Natural Law can only mean a hopelessly involved labyrinth of static fatalism, ultimately producing a cacogenic decadence.

LEWIS A. FOSTER, JR.

ATOMS IN THE FAMILY. By Laura Fermi. *Chicago. $4.00.*

As one of the world's foremost scientists, the late Enrico Fermi shared with a small group of colleagues the major technical responsibility for the release of atomic energy. During the 1930's he discovered an important secret of effective atom-smashing—the use of slow rather than fast neutrons in nuclear bombardment. Less than a decade later he applied his ideas to achieve the first self-sustaining chain reaction of uranium. *Atoms In the Family* by Laura Fermi, the physicist's wife, describes these and other projects in simple, informal language and presents an authentic account of how scientific advances are made.

But the book is a warm, honest biography as well as good popular science. It traces the career of a brilliant, self-confident Italian student who went on to win a Nobel Prize and, at the University of Chicago and Los Alamos, to be a leader in the race to develop the atom bomb. Fermi was noted for his clearly expressed and positive statements, which were usually—but not always—correct. Once he bet a dollar that the Mason-Dixon line had been named after two American senators; an Italian friend was convinced that Mason and Dixon were rivers. It turned out that they were actually British astronomers: "And so ended the myth . . . of Enrico's infallibility." Laura Fermi provides an intimate picture of her husband as a human being and a great physicist.

JOHN PFEIFFER

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL. Translated and edited by Robert Sage. *Doubleday. $7.50.*

Ever since, as an adolescent in my father's library, I discovered *Souvenirs d'Egotisme*, Stendhal (Marie-Henri Beyle) has been one of my closest human contacts. I am on more intimate terms with him than with most living people. A small volume of one of the four collected editions which were published in Germany between the turn of the century and the nightfall of Hitler has been my steady companion

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through all these disastrous years. Once in a while one meets people who have been affected in a similar way by Stendhal, and it is always a safe introduction to friendship.

A distinct Stendhal revival started after the recent war, producing biographies and new editions. Among all of these newcomers, Robert Sage's translation of Stendhal's diaries is without doubt the most important contribution. This adaptation by the editor of the Paris *Herald Tribune*, who has been a collaborator of Henri Martineau, most faithful and famous of the many Stendhal scholars, is enviable for its literary taste and knowledge. The diaries, covering the years 1801-1814 and only a small part of Beyle's tremendous autobiographical effort, comprise his life story from the age of eighteen to thirty-one. They end in the year in which his first book—controversial, inept and brilliant—was published, seventeen years before *Le Rouge et le Noir.*

The diaries are the passionate and intense prelude to literary achievement and fame. Most of all they show a young man, drifting through the waves of the Napoleonic era, which was not less catastrophic, heroic and crooked than ours. Stendhal's participation in life, his curiosity, his search for understanding of himself and others, his ambitions and passions deeply impress the reader of 1955, who wonders whether any young man of our time anywhere on this earth is still capable of mirroring himself in similar ways.

MARTIN GUMPERT

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WALLACE STEVENS. *Knopf. $7.50.*

This handsome volume contains the life work—with a few minor omissions—of the poet whose prestige stands on a par with T. S. Eliot's, or a mere step below. A brief review cannot do justice to Mr. Stevens' art. In his early work the poet captured attention with his unusual choice of subjects, the precise flamboyance of his style, his unwavering fidelity to his own vision of, or peek at, things. The word *imagistic*, were it not now so out of fashion, might suggest the effect of much of his early—and, to my mind, his best—poetry:

> Chieftain Iffucan of Azcan in caftan
> Of tan with henna hackles, halt!

"Anecdote of the Jar," another anthology piece, stated the poet's fierce belief in the supremacy of the created, artificial world over the natural. In his earlier poems Mr. Stevens frequently placed a jar on a hill in Tennessee:

> It took dominion everywhere.
> The jar was gray and bare.
> It did not give of bird or bush,
> Like nothing else in Tennessee.

Mr. Stevens' poetry is that jar. It does not give of bird or bush, though it makes sounds that parody rather than imitate the natural. Sometimes it talks French; at other times, it goes *hoo-hoo-hoo* or *ric-a-nic.*

And it has grown barer and grayer, until austerity itself must wince. The later poems are concerned, above all, with the aesthetics of the jar. The jar talks to itself about itself, and the wilderness—an exciting one—in which it used to stand, is no longer visible:

> The imaginative transcripts were like
> clouds,
> Today; and the transcripts of feeling,
> impossible
> To distinguish. The town was a
> residuum. . . .

Things no longer simply are; they suggest, and are suggested by, other things, also uncertain. The above quotation is typical. It is unrooted; there are too many long, windy words; nothing really happens. It is like (Mr. Stevens' use of simile is catching) a man's telling you about what he means to do, and never doing it.

Mr. Stevens' book will be awarded prizes, and will be praised with few reservations by critics of poetry. The ordinary intelligent reader, who has long ceased to read poetry, much less judge it, will probably accept the prizes and reviews at their face value. In my opinion, Mr. Stevens would be better represented by a volume of selected poems.

LOUIS SIMPSON

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GEORGE PIERCE BAKER AND THE AMERICAN THEATRE. By Wisner Payne Kinne. *Harvard. $6.00.*

George Pierce Baker began his career in the Harvard English department rather conventionally; but in the first decade of his teaching, he developed a course in oral debating which was novel and effective. His studies in Elizabethan drama led him to an analysis of Shakespeare's technical development as a dramatist—a refreshing innovation. But his great innovation was the establishment in 1907 of a course in playwriting, which included as an essential element the production of student plays before an audience. There had been nothing like this in any university before. The course rapidly grew into the famous "47 Workshop," and absorbed all of Professor Baker's energies. Among his students it inspired almost fanatic devotion, but it met with small favor among the rulers of Harvard. In 1924 he left Harvard to head a new department of drama at Yale, a graduate department entirely slanted toward the attainment of professional skills. The conventional English instructor of the early 1890's had become a guide and inspiration to a better theater in America. His influence is still felt not only on Broadway, but in hundreds of colleges and universities where departments of drama now keep the art of the theater alive under educational discipline.

The story of Professor Baker deserves telling, and Professor Wisner Payne Kinne of Tufts has told it accurately and well. In but one respect, perhaps, has he failed: he cannot quite reproduce what it was in this man that inspired such devotion. Truth to tell, Baker and his students were stage-struck together.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

A TREASURY OF IRISH FOLKLORE. Edited with an Introduction by Padraic Colum. *Crown. $5.00.*

One-half of this 640-page book sparkles with Irish wit and Celtic fancy—the "Irish edge" of folk talk, jests, charms, prayers, riddles, sayings, oaths, curses, blessings, and the enchantment of sagas, saint's legends, fairy, ghost, devil and trickster tales, ballads and love songs. The other half is divided between historical and biographical sketches of Irish leaders—chieftains, soldiers, priests, poets, statesmen, insurrectionists—and descriptions and accounts of folkways, traditions, emblems, landmarks and landscapes. What unites these two is the "adventurousness and high-spiritedness" of the Irish character and experience through centuries of stuggles and stresses and the peculiar combination of reason and imagination that distinguishes Irish discourse. Even the *shanachie,* or local storyteller, was a carrier of history, and a historical writer like Standish O'Grady was something of a *shanachie.* The research material inevitably dulls the folk edge of the vernacular tradition to which it gives background and perspective. The whole is an encyclopedia of the heroic, poetic Irish spirit, way of life and expression, put together with taste and insight by an editor who frankly admits: "I am not a folklorist. I am a poet and a teller of stories."

B. A. BOTKIN

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARES COMEDIES, HISTORIES, & TRAGEDIES: A Facsimile Edition. Prepared by Helge Kökeritz with an Introduction by Charles Tyler Prouty. *Yale. $15.00.*

It is an interesting paradox of Shakespeare's popularity that the same people who want such thoroughly annotated editions as the Variorum also want the unadulterated Shakespeare presented by the First Folio, now handsomely reproduced in facsimile by the Yale University Press. The paradox is not new. As far back as the eighteenth century it was said that Shakespeare was being elucidated into obscurity. Today the informed and curious reader still wants to read exactly what Shakespeare wrote, unencumbered by the sometimes excessive yet often necessary footnotes.

The Yale facsimile was reproduced (from the excellently preserved Huth copy) by the most modern means, on fine, wide-margined paper. A useful introduction by Dr. Prouty outlines the problems that faced the editors

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and printers who prepared the plays for the press from copy differing in kind and quality. To facilitate comparative reading, Dr. Kökeritz has placed "modern" act, scene and line notations at the foot of each of the 889 pages.

Whether this or any facsimile brings us as close as is possible to what Shakespeare actually wrote, even for the 18 plays first printed in this volume, is a debatable question. For several years now, Charlton Hinman has been busily collating the 79 First Folios in the Folger Shakespeare Library with an elaborate instrument of his own invention and showing the extent to which the Folios were subjected to continual editorial revision during the whole process of printing. Perhaps, when *all* existing copies —almost 250 of them—have been collated, we may find one of them more "definitive" than the others, but who will be satisfied? *De gustibus*. . . .

That one day a facsimile may be made by reproducing the best "state" of each page is a remote possibility, but even then Quarto readings may be preferable and typographical errors will still exist. Meanwhile, the Yale facsimile should make a substantial and valuable addition to any reader's bookshelf, Shakespearean or otherwise.

LOUIS MARDER

On March 1, 1955,

the offices of *THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR* moved from Williamsburg, Virginia, to new quarters in Washington, D. C. All communications concerning editorial matters, subscriptions and circulation should now be addressed to:

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·····The Scholar's Scratch Pad·····

SAUNDERS REDDING

The Good Old Days

There was a time when anyone who sighed for "the good old days" went down in my book as an old fogy, more unhappy and more bewildered than Prufrock—"I grow old . . . I grow old"—and less brave. In the first phase of those sad, drawn out ceremonies by which age relinquishes the right to make life what it can be, he was paying rueful tribute to youth. His blood was dried up surely, and there was about him an odor of the grave.

Lately I have revised my opinion about such fellows, for lately I am one of them. I have caught myself suspiring, "Ah, those were the days!" But my blood still flows, sometimes rambunctiously, and I have not yet been measured for a shroud. Perhaps I should be, I thought, when my changed opinion first struck me with surprise, for with a surge of self-pity it occurred to me that perhaps what was happening (or had happened) was one of those natural alterations by which the mind prepares to accept death. The mind "dies back," as the Overstreets would say, subtly and by subterfuge, and it takes a vigilant man to know when the process begins in him, and a brave man to admit it. Few of us are vigilant, and almost none of us is brave.

I should have been alerted by the usual warnings—testy impatience with the adolescent (my own included), increased circumspection, nervous hesitation on the threshold of an unfamiliar thought, wary suspicion of the future, and a growing opaqueness to humor more subtle than Dickens'—but I was not. It is easy to overlook such commonplaces of middle-age behavior in oneself. I was not brought sharply up until I caught myself saying, "Ah, those were the good old days." Then I sat down to face them.

What were the good old days? One's memory of them—or of anything—is never completely shared by another. A thousand people of the same generation and of roughly the same social and cultural environment and experience will each mean something different and something private when he says "the good old days." As one grows older memory becomes less a function of the intellect than of the will: it becomes creative. It changes the shape and substance of things to make them congruous, or at least congenial, to one's hopes and pride and prejudices, to what one has become, and to the compromises one has made with life. When memory refuses to do this, we reject it; we forget—or we go mad, mildly or violently, according to our natures. To the extent that memory does not refuse, all the old days were good.

But there is another more absolute and less special sense in which the old days were good, else the phrase would not be the password to middle-age camaraderie for every generation. Forget the simplicity of those old, gone days, and the clarity and innocence of belief that prevailed, and the faith in humanity's moral initiative, and the absence of a compulsion to challenge choices and values by which one was told the *good life* could be attained—all these were something. But what I have in mind is something else again.

The gone years stretch out like an um-

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bilical cord, feeding the present from the past. The good old days—the years—make possible the uninterrupted persistence of those qualities which youth has not yet learned to know, much less respect, and which, but for the good old days, the present would obliterate: the quenchless dignity of man, the ceaseless questing for the stars. This active consciousness of the past, which need not rest in knowledge, is good. It is the good secret of maturity.

The Ultimate Machine

A small but varied company of folk was gathered recently for cocktails in the living room of a house in Jersey. There is no need, and it would take too long, to describe the company—a dancer, several male and female writers, a college professor or two, and a clergyman—though each member thought of the other as what is called "a character." The room was not good for general conversation. It was large and baronial, without a focal point; dotted in the great expanse of carpet were little islands of chairs, sofas and love seats that invited tête-à-têtes. But the hostess, a very determined lady, tried everything to get a general conversation going. Time and again, lifting her voice to a half-scream or half-shout, she called across the room some question on some subject of no interest; or if the subject had interest, it lacked the possibility of disagreement. "That man McCarthy?"—A very large fly in a very small bottle of ointment, we all agreed; Marilyn Monroe—"Oh, that tyranny of flesh," someone said; the Reese Report; security and loyalty. But no topic would take fire and draw all the guests to its roaring blaze. Such talk as there was remained aimless and detached, even after the second martinis went around. Discouraged, the host put a record on the phonograph. It was Edward R. Murrow's "You Can Hear It Now."

Whether it was the *idea* of the machine or the sound of those recorded voices or the sting of the martinis that started it, I do not know, but it began when someone voiced the fantastic thought that if our remotest ancestors had had all the present means of preserving sights and sounds, life would now be wonderful. Of course, he said (he worked for CBS in an undefined capacity), there wouldn't be much work for scholars, historians, philosophers and poets—"only commentators, technicians and scientists would have their occupations safe"—for the great truths would all be scratched immutably on tape, the great poems fixed in wax, and the great events etched on celluloid, ready for repeated playbacks.

The idea invited pursuit, and the company pursued it, though deviously, for some time. It was natural, for instance, for someone to argue that all the great poems were not written nor all the great truths discovered a thousand years ago. It was also natural for someone (I think it was one of the college professors) to inquire about the selective principle: Could we have trusted those remote ancestors to know what was worth preserving? Wouldn't they have missed the boat, say, on those events which, when they happened, seemed unimportant and obscure but since have changed the world? Who would have known to record the trial of Socrates or the signing of the Treaty of Wedmore? ("Or photograph Moses by the burning bush, or Mary big with child?" the minister put in quietly.) Someone made the reply that we'd just have to trust the fellows who controlled the machines. But this brought the objection that the powerful and ruthless would have had control; that, for example, in his day Jesus wouldn't have had a chance. The ruthless enemies of Christ would simply have kept him out of history. (Someone said, "Not so long as there was writing, and you can't do better for records than writing." But of course, if our remotest ancestors had had the machines, there would have been no writing.)

A silence fell—several separate silences, as twittery as birds uncertain where to roost.

Then someone said that actually the only machine that would be wonderful, and that we might have profited from our ancestors having had, was something he would call a "cosmovidaphon"—the ultimate machine

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—one that sees all, hears all, preserves and communicates all. ("By all, I mean everything," he said, "the merest whisper of a beggar in the streets of Rome, and his most inconsequential act.") Someone interrupted to say that what came up in his mind was a ghastly image of Orwell's world of 1984, and the extreme pessimist, one of the female writers, replied that that was exactly the world we're creating now.

The cosmovidaphon man, possessed of a wild and fertile imagination, said that his machine would have dials, like a television set, and one could tune in to any time and place of his choice. Wouldn't it be wonderful? Naturally the question arose as to what times and places would be best looked into. Some said one, and some another, and there was no agreement.

Another silence fell.

Finally, the dancer stood up tensely, suddenly, and said, "No!" explosively, giving us all a start. "Try to conceive seeing all things and hearing all the sounds of any given time at once," she said, looking around challengingly and not intending either the beauty or the drama of her outflung arms. "No! No! It's beyond imagining. And it wouldn't be wonderful or profitable. It would be offensive," she added, kneading her fists into her waist. "The idea offends taste. It offends human intelligence. Don't you feel it?" with that same gesture of pain and revulsion. She let down then, and when she spoke again her voice was merely peevish. "Don't ask me why, because I don't know. It's stupid not to know why, but I don't."

Then the minister in the company said, "May I tell you why?" And the minister and the dancer looked at each other, and we looked at them.

"Because you're not God," the minister said.

There we let the matter rest.

Come-Up-Lately

Some sedate, well-established publishing firms, having tried to meet the threat of paperback publishers by joining them, may soon have to face another challenge. An energetic, come-up-lately publisher has been making successful forays in the provinces and may soon extend the area of his activities. He has much ingenuity, particularly in the making of devices to draw attention to his wares. He is also a ubiquitous, active salesman, disdaining the usual marketing outlets—bookstores, which hardbacks dote on, and revolving metal racks, where softcovers are displayed like tiers of audacious burlesque queens in the finale.

The come-up-lately publisher's ingenuity is put to fascinating uses. Among the latest things is a very clever mechanism designed to advertise a book entitled *Knees I Have Sat On*. It came in the mail to me (through error, I'm sure) like an ordinary letter; but opening it and removing the rubber band which bound the contents permitted a set of coiled paper springs to activate a buxom lady in the act of lowering herself to the knees of a corpulent, middle-aged and obviously wealthy gentleman. I never saw the book (which sold for seventy-five cents, the ad copy said), but I played with the gimmick until the springs turned to pulp.

Usually, though, this new publisher does not waste his time with anything so institutionalized as the mails. His approach is personal and direct. He sets up shop on the tailboard of a station wagon outside a chain grocery in the provinces on a Friday afternoon. Or one day he appears in the same station wagon on the quiet campus of a provincial college just as students are going to lunch. At first he is mistaken for a cigarette salesman, and, like the latter, he commends himself to favor by giving away handouts—fascinating gimmicks, tricks, devices. Nor are they all as simple constructions as the lady who sits on knees. Some are of an order of intricacy that frustrates mechanical imagination and leads inevitably to an examination of their innards. To call attention to a work called *Ruler of the Roost*, there is a small, box-like affair with the upper surface inlaid with sitting (or setting) chickens: when the box is pressed, the chickens jump up and, Gargantuan in their midst, a paper-combed and paper-wattled rooster flaps his wings. It is

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done by air pressure. Provincials love such gadgets. Since on any given campus the come-up-lately publisher will distribute only four or five of the elaborate devices, provincial collegiates scramble for possession. The device distributed, the salesman makes his pitch. He usually finds it profitable enough to stay until dinner time or, if the campus is denominational (where there is some concern to avoid corrupting the morals of the young) as well as provincial, until the college authorities shoo him off.

It may be that this come-up-lately publisher, who is certainly not lacking in boldness, will extend his activities to the cities, and this will doubtless constitute a challenge to respectable publishing firms. How will they meet it? One cannot entirely agree with those authors on their lists who say that the old, respected firms lack courage, perseverance and imagination. They must have at least some modicum of these, else they would not be old and respected. It is true that courage sometimes flags and they do not back their convictions with dollars; it is true that perseverance sometimes falters, and they withdraw a work from the "live" list long before it is dead; and it is true that imagination sometimes wanes, and they present a literary treat as if it were a treatise. But no derogatory assumptions should be drawn from these facts. After all, they did meet boldly the challenge of the book clubs and the paperbacks.

How will they meet the new threat if it comes? Broadway signs? Subway posters? Blurbs on billboards? People have a way of seeing these things without observing them. Will the old, respected firms fight fire with fire and create ever more intricate devices?

There would be some difficulty here, and I can imagine the tears shed and the blood given to create animated devices to advertise such titles as *TNT: The Power Within You, The Go-Between, The Female Approach, The Royal Box, Youth's Companion,* and *Free Love and Heavenly Sinners.*

Undoubtedly it would be difficult, but there's not a writer in America who would not cheer them if they tried—and writers are notoriously a morbid lot.

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The Reader Replies . . . . . .

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington 9, D.C., and should not exceed three hundred words in length except on request. Because of limitations of space, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

A Few Bricks

Mr. Reginald Reynolds' statement in his article "Just a Few Bricks in the English Glasshouse" [AS: Autumn, 1954] that "some of the most intelligent American journals are unobtainable, or practically so" in the American Library is somewhat less than complete.

It is possible that his failure to obtain files of so many well-known literary quarterlies and reviews in the library can be explained by the fact that the titles of all the publications on hand are not known to him.

The library receives currently the *Virginia Quarterly Review,* the *Yale Review, Sewanee Review, Kenyon Review,* the *Saturday Review, Poetry,* the *American Scholar, Partisan Review, Hudson Review, American Literature,* etc., not to mention *Harper's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly* and *Commentary.* Back copies are bound for reference use, in some cases dating from the library's inception in 1942. Regular visitors to the reading rooms are accustomed to seeing the current issues on display and asking for the back files of these and nearly four hundred other periodicals which can be brought from the stacks as required.

Since the library has been built up to serve the diversified interests of a wide section of the British public, it does not claim to have a comprehensive collection of any one type of periodical. History, government, finance, labor and industrial developments are all part of the contemporary American scene which the library seeks to present. Selection of literature is not controlled by the dictates of a committee on un-American activities but by a panel of librarians and reviewers whose plan is to present the American viewpoint in world affairs and in the culture of Western nations.

Should Mr. Reynolds have occasion to visit the library again, he will find the staff glad to help him locate many periodicals and publications which may not be in sight —possibly because they are in use.

W. BRADLEY CONNORS
Public Affairs Officer
American Embassy
London, England

Pseudo-Conservative Revolt

Congratulations for publishing the article by Richard Hofstadter on "The Pseudo-Conservative Revolt" [AS: Winter, 1954-55]. It evidences good thinking, good perspective and is very valuable.

I hope you realize the unique position of leadership the printing of such articles gives to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR.

RICHARD N. TILLSON
Bedford, Massachusetts

★ ★ ★

When Professor Richard Hofstadter declares that the Bricker Amendment might be taken as one of the primary symptoms of pseudo-conservatism and that it is a dissenting movement which calls for changes in the United States Constitution of 1787, he is mistaken. In April of 1952, John Foster Dulles, now Secretary of State, warned: "Under our Constitution, treaties become

(Continued on page 256)

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(*Continued from page 247*)

the supreme law of the land. They are indeed more supreme than ordinary laws, for Congressional laws are invalid if they do not conform to the Constitution, whereas treaty law can override the Constitution—and cut across the rights given the people by the Constitutional Bill of Rights." The Bricker Amendment is designed to preserve the Constitution and its amendments from change by treaties, a method which the designers of the Constitution never intentionally planned. Their method was by a prescribed process of amendment. The Bricker Amendment is an affirming—not a dissenting—movement.

It is notorious that the government of the United States of America could be destroyed by the treaty power. How else could the statement that the United Nations is supreme and over that government—federal, state and municipal—found in a book, *Federal Textbook on Citizenship—Our Constitution and Government* (revision of 1951), published by the United States Executive Department in the administration of former President Harry S. Truman, be justified? How else could this superiority, intimated by the Secretary-General of the United Nations in his statement of October 11, 1954, on the "Report of Standards of Conduct in the International Civil Service Issue by the International Civil Service Advisory Board" of that international organization, be supported? Opposing this destruction of our government are patriots—both ancient and new in American origin—who voice the theme of the slogan of the United States Army in the American Revolution: "Perpetual and undisturbed Independence to the United States of America!" Among these patriots are most members of the S.A.R. and D.A.R. They, too, favor the Bricker Amendment. Their patriotism is not of the chauvinistic kind. If, perchance, these views, which they support, are classified as conservative by some, they should be classified as true conservatives and not slurred as pseudo. Would the professor advocate such destruction?

WILLARD L. DE YOE
Hewitt, New Jersey

Irwin Edman

Usually I look forward to receiving my copy of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, curious about its contents and well rewarded in reading them. It was in this frame of mind that I opened the Autumn [1954] issue. In but a few moments I wished that it had never arrived, wished that somehow your editorial on Irwin Edman's death had never caught my attention.

I never met Mr. Edman, never so much as sat in one of his classrooms or conversed with him in less conventional surroundings, and yet in learning of his death, I felt the loss and emptiness that one feels in losing a dear and close friend—a friend of silent, but nevertheless intimate communication. I have read and re-read and savored so much of what Mr. Edman has written that I have come to feel that we were friends of the best sort, sharing in the life of the mind and in the life of human feelings and human failings.

NORENE RIMER
Los Angeles, California

Fortuitous Caution

Mr. Wallace Douglas ["Souls Among Masterpieces," AS: Winter, 1953-54] should have been kinder to F. R. Leavis. He cites Mr. Leavis' sentence: ". . . I will record, without offering it as a checked and deliberated critical judgment, the remembered impression that her [Emily Brontë's] *Cold in the earth* is the finest poem in the nineteenth-century part of the *Oxford Book of English Verse.*" Upon which he comments: "Here Mr. Leavis is expressing that moral struggle, that enormous effort of pain and plight and glorious discovery with which modern critics color the . . . business of talking about and explaining books."

More simply, Mr. Leavis is merely expressing a certain caution—a praiseworthy attribute in any critic, modern or otherwise—which in this case is a fortuitous one. You see, "Cold in the earth" does not appear in the new edition of the *Oxford Book of English Verse.*

ARNOLD GOLDBURG
Princeton, New Jersey

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